THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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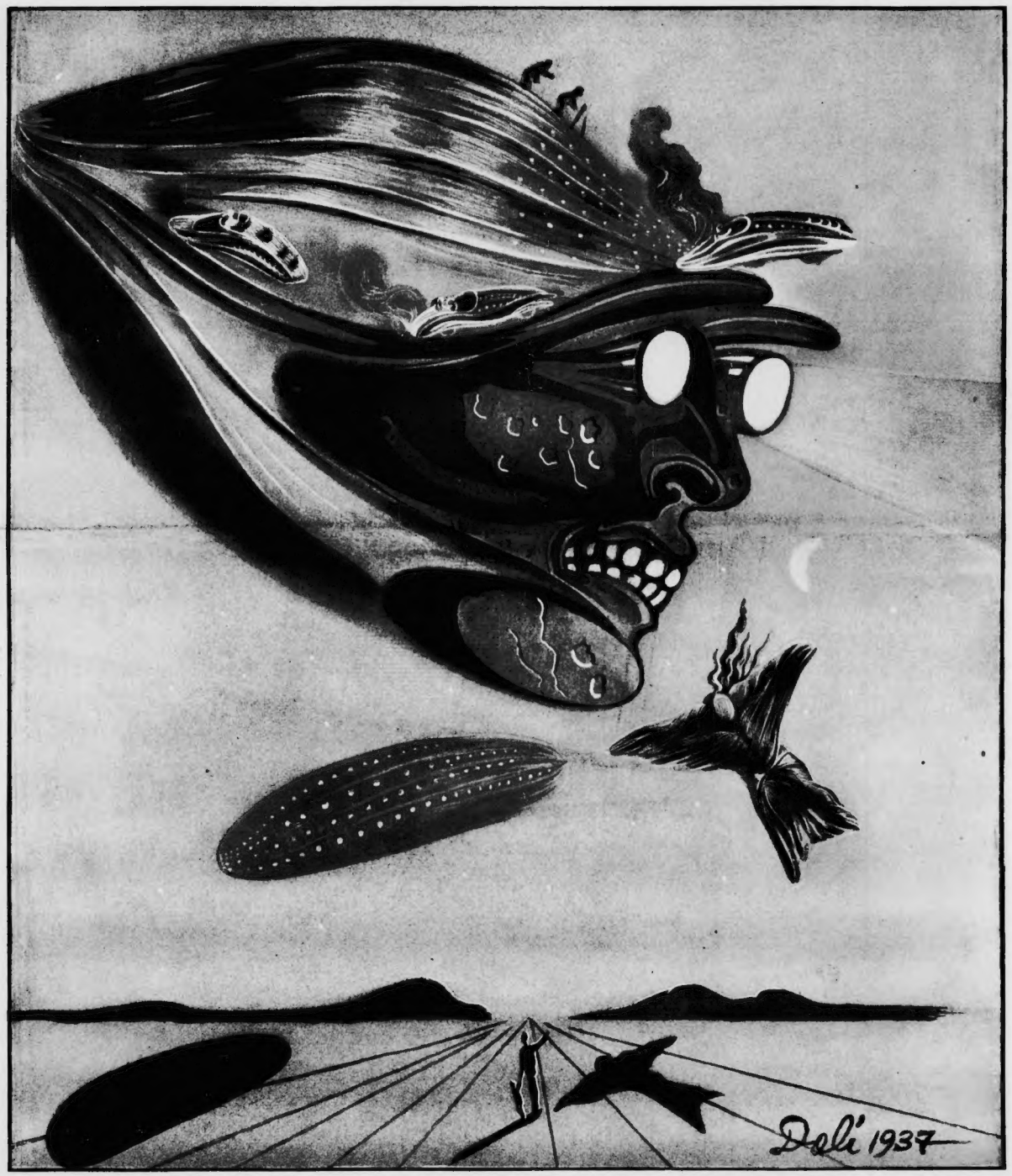


Conquest of the Air by DALI

READERS of The American Weekly are familiar with the interesting conceptions of Salvador Dali, foremost of the Sur-realist artists. Sur-realist artists do not paint or draw things as they see them, or, indeed, as others see them. They picture what their subconsciousness beholds.

Here Artist Dali's subconsciousness symbolizes man's final conquest of the air. A strange, swift head of metal in the sky, with a more or less human face, its radiant eyes seek new horizons. The cheeks and chin and nose are battle-scarred. The falling figure symbolizes all the brave aviators who lost their lives before the air became safe.

Smaller airplanes, autos of the air, spring from the head's brow, like Minerva from that of Jupiter. The cucumber-shaped dirigible is a sky vegetable symbolizing how man is now tilling the atmosphere. Men still earth-bound stare at all this.

Keeps a Daily Dinner Date With a Robin

ODD friendships between human beings and animals or birds, while not commonplace, are by no means a rarity. Generally such friendships are the result of patience and training, but the daily dinner date kept by Miss Rose Mori, of Woodmere, New York and "Baby," a robin, is an exceptional one.

Miss Mori has made no effort to train Baby. As a matter of fact, the friendship was thrust upon her by the robin himself who expects her to furnish his daily lunch exactly on time, just as if he were the star boarder.

Some weeks ago when Baby was very young, he fell out of an apple tree in Miss Mori's yard. The mother robin chirped loud and excitedly and brought Miss Mori out into the yard on the run where she saw Baby lying in a daze at the foot of the tree. Luckily he was more shaken up than injured and when he was offered some bread crumbs on a spoon, he ate hungrily, showing no fear.

Miss Mori took him into the house to protect him from stray cats and cared for him for about two weeks, feeding him regularly. Then one day she took him out in the yard and released him. Baby was big enough to fly. Miss Mori was busy and the time had come, she decided, when he should be out in the world doing what other growing robins were doing and digging up worms for his own meals.

Baby let out a chirp of protest when Miss Mori walked away from him and hopped around evidently quite puzzled. Finally he took the hint, and flew away. She watched him through a window. "Good bye, Baby," she said, "that's the last I'll see of you."

The next day, around noon, there was an excited chirping in the yard. Miss Mori went out to see what had caused the commotion and there was Baby, indignantly demanding his lunch.

She hastened to get some bread crumbs which she put on a spoon and fed the robin as usual. Then, when he had eaten, she moved her face near his and kissed him on the bill. Baby seemed to accept that as part of his luncheon date, chirped a few times and again flew away.

For several weeks this became a regular routine which never varied. About noontime Baby flew into the Mori yard and perched on one of the joists that extends over the porch of the house. If Miss Mori was waiting for him, he then flew to her shoulder. If she wasn't, he remained on the joist and chirped until she came out. Then he was fed, the two friends kissed each other goodbye and Baby flew away until the next day.

Miss Mori doesn't know where he went when he flew out of sight but believes that he made a nest for himself in a tree nearby so that he wouldn't have too far to fly for his daily luncheon appointment. She says that he has never shown the slightest fear of her and permits himself to be petted and scratched although he immediately flies away when somebody else tries to do it.

In some strange way of his own, Baby recognizes her, Miss Mori says, and he also seems to have some idea of time for he always arrived at about the same time.

Miss Rose Mori, of Woodmere, Long Island, N. Y., With the Young Robin She Nicknamed "Baby" Lighting on Her Head, Ready for His Daily Meal With Her. She Saved the Bird When It Fell From a Nest, and Cared for It for Two Weeks, Thus Winning Its Confidence and Friendship.

— And Left —

After Having a Look Around and Perching on Miss Mori's Head, "Baby" Stands on One of Her Hands and Opens His Mouth Wide for the Day's Fare. He First Lands on the Roof of the House and Makes Sure That His Mistress Is Waiting, and That There Are No Cats or Dogs in the Vicinity.

"Baby" Is So Fond of the Woman Who Saved Him From an Untimely Death, and So Grateful for His Daily Meal at Her Hands, That He Always Winds Up the Engagement With a Kiss, a Most Remarkable Gesture for a Robin.

America's Funniest Face?

IF ARTHUR TONKINS of New Jersey doesn't own America's funniest face, it will do until a funnier one comes along. Mr. Tonkins' face came to public attention recently when he walked out into the spotlight on the stage of the Palace Theatre at Bradley Beach to compete for funny face honors.

His competitor who could wriggle his ears, do tricks with his eyebrows and wrinkle his nose like a disgusted rabbit was doing all right until Mr. Tonkins threw his own face into action. Without using any artificial make-up and relying solely upon the elasticity of his facial muscles, Tonkins then went into a series of facial contortions that kept the audience and judges laughing long after he left the stage.

Four of the ten funny faces which won for him the first prize of a silver cup are shown in the photographs at the right. The top picture illustrates what he calls his "So What?" expression. It and the other three pictures clearly show why Tonkins can make people laugh, for the faces which he makes are not simply grotesque. They are exaggerations of expressions which most people have at one time or another.

The "So What?" face shown here is a real-life caricature of the expression people sometime assume when they are getting ready to argue with someone and, not being at all sure how the argument will turn out, try to look hard-boiled enough to frighten the other fellow.

Next comes a "Anticipation," as Mr. Tonkins portrays it. This expression, he says, is a caricature of an expression he has often noticed on the faces of friends who are getting ready to eat a particularly tasty meal.

Then comes Mr. Tonkins' "Surprise." This, he says, is how "I didn't know the gun was loaded" expression. It is a caricature the man who has suddenly had an unpleasant surprise, whose eyes pop, eyebrows raise and cheeks are drawn in by the quick, involuntary sucking in of the breath. Of course Mr. Tonkins exaggerated the expression so that even the people seated many feet away at the back of the theatre could not fail to recognize it.

"Accomplishment" is the fourth picture shown. Here Mr. Tonkins humorously gets over the idea of having achieved something to his own amazement. It is, he points out, as though a man has done something which he didn't think he could do and isn't fully convinced that he really did.

Tonkins declared himself Champion Funny Face Maker of New Jersey and is now waiting to hear from other contestants to fight out a face to face battle for the national championship.

The "Art Studies" Below Depict the Flexible Face of Arthur Tonkins, a Citizen of New Jersey Who Will Assume That He Can Make the Funniest Faces in the Country Until Some Challenger Comes Along to Take the Title Away From Him Before a Board of Unbiased Judges. Tonkins Recently Vanquished a Contender in the Palace Theatre, at Bradley Beach, N. J.

Where People "Eat Crow" and Like It

WHEN DR. T. W. STALLINGS of Oklahoma City invited several prominent fellow citizens to a banquet of baked crow, which most of them enjoyed several months ago, he started a demand for crow meat which grew to such proportions that crow is steadily becoming a national dish.

In the Mid-West and West, the crow which was once considered to be a useless pest, is now being featured on restaurant menus as "Colorado Rook," "Jim Crow" and "Old Black Crow." Women are buying crows from butcher shops in increasing quantities and crow recipe books published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture are in demand.

"From all over the country," says H. P. Sheldon of the Biological Survey Bureau, there is an increasing call for this booklet of crow recipes."

Dr. Sheldon likes the taste of crow himself and believes that many who hesitate to imple the bird do so because of the old folklore idea gives the impression that to eat crow is a mark of humiliation.

"It's not humiliating at all," he says. "It's smart, it's economical, it's sporting and besides that, tastes good."

He suggests that the best way to serve a crow dinner is to serve it unannounced just as Dr. Stallings did, when he gave his banquet for several eminent guests. The baked fowl was done to a turn and nicely seasoned. Most of the diners thought they were eating broilers. Others commented favorably on the fine quality of squab. A few suspected that they were enjoying some game bird.

When the dessert dishes and the coffee cups had been cleared away, Dr. Stallings rose and said: "My friends, I have a little surprise for you. You have just eaten, and apparently relished, baked crow."

He then pointed out that while they all knew that in the Middle West, particularly in Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska, the crow is a noisy, prolific and destructive pest, few realized that the bird also is excellent eating.

"Right now we're killing crows by the thousands but I contend that we need not merely destroy a pest," he said. "We can make him an economic asset and, what is more important, a gastronomic delight. If we start eating this bird as well as blowing him out of our fields and pastures we shall soon be rid of him."

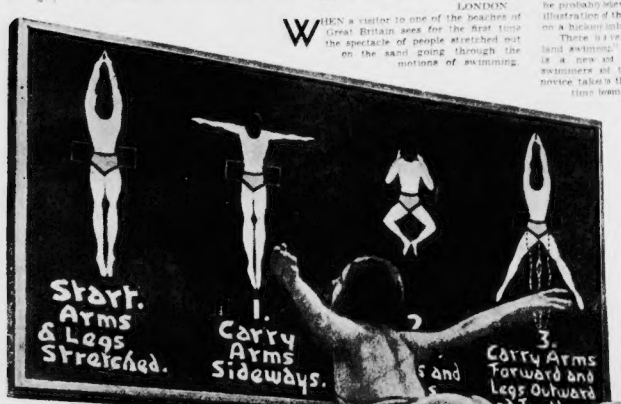
Many people thought that Dr. Stallings was right and soon afterward Jess Pullen, the State's assistant attorney-general, gave a dinner to which he invited Governor E. W. Marland and a lot of other political, professional and business men. This time there was no word about the main course. Everyone present knew he was eating crow and they all praised the meat.

Then the Mayor of Wichita, Kansas, and several others gave crow dinners and the fad spread to the colleges. At Decatur, Illinois, the brothers of the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity at James Milliken University banqueted on crow provided free of charge by the State Conservation Department. From then on, the lowly crow found itself on the restaurant menus and on the butcher shops where housewives bought birds for about thirty-five cents apiece. It was because of this that the Department of Agriculture was flooded with requests for crow recipes.

People who like the taste of crow say that while the supply shows no signs of diminishing at present, it may be necessary in the future to cut down a bit on the wholesale killing of crows so that they may be placed on the market during the entire year.

The latest method of getting rid of crows is to bomb them. In Oklahoma the work is carried on under the supervision of the State game rangers who carefully planned their war on the pests that are pleasing to so many palates.

Dry-land Swimming Lesson for English Mermaid



Offhand, It Seems Silly for Anyone to Take Swimming Lessons Without Going Into the Water. But This British Girl Is Doing It and Getting Along Very Nicely. At a Resort on the South Coast of the Country Hundreds of People Are Using These Big Charts to Familiarize Themselves With the Proper Movements of Arms and Legs Before Trying What They've Learned in the Sea.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

LONDON

WHEN a visitor to one of the beaches of Great Britain sees for the first time the spectacle of people stretched out on the sand going through the motions of swimming, he probably believes that here, at last, is the perfect illustration of the old adage, "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water."

There is a very practical reason for this "dry-land swimming," however. Instructors say that it is a new and efficient way to develop good swimmers of that after a course ashore, the novice takes to the water naturally and in a short time becomes an adept.

One of the most difficult problems which instructors formerly had to contend with in their pupils was lack of confidence in the water. It was all well and good for the teacher to place a novice in water up to his breast, hold him to the surface and tell him how to use his legs and arms. Generally, however, when the instructor withdrew his supporting arm, the pupil floundered around and his head went beneath the surface.

As a result, timid people who had one or two of these "drowning" experiences even in shallow water, lost what little confidence they had and gave up all thoughts of learning how to swim. Others, more bold, instinctively struck out in a "dog paddle" when the instructor withdrew his support. They were thus able to remain afloat.

The new method of dry-land swimming teaches them either the breast or overhand stroke so thoroughly that when they enter the water after a course of lessons they often strike right out and swim.

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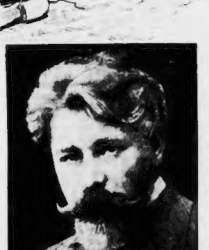
Found He, Himself, Was the Murderer He Hunted

Famous French Detective, Robert Ledru, Discovered the Killer's Footprints Left on the Beach Were His Own and the Bullet Had Come From His Own Gun, So He Arrested Himself in the Strangest Sleep-Walking Case Ever Recorded

The English Courts Officially Accepted the Story of Mrs. Christabel Russell That Her Baby Boy Never Would Have Been Born If Both She and Her Husband Had Not Been Sleep-Walkers.

The Detective Studying the Footprints Learned That the Murderer Had Worn Only Stockings and That a Toe Was Missing from One Foot. Ledru Himself Lacked a Toe and in a Flash the Explanation of the Sand on His Own Socks Came to Him. It He Needed No More Evidence That He Himself Had Done the Killing It Developed When He Found That the Fatal Bullet Came from His Pistol. So He Concluded That He Must Have Committed the Crime While He Was Asleep.

Stranger Than Fiction Was Ledru's Unconscious Crime, Surpassing This Weird Scene from the Old Film, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," Depicting the Hypnotized Somnambulist Slave Stabbing a Victim in the Ghostly Shadows of Night.



The Brilliant French Detective, Robert Ledru, Who Died the Other Day at the Age of 85, His Life and Career Rooted by the Crime He Committed While Walking in His Sleep.

PARIS.

WHAT the French Surete Generale considers the strangest detective story that ever really happened, has been buried for 50 years in their secret archives and was only made public after the recent death of Robert Ledru, the brilliant detective who solved a murder mystery and thereby ruined himself forever.

"We give up—it's a case for that man Ledru," was a common remark, half a century ago when detectives admitted that the crime they were working on was beyond their powers to solve. For some time Robert Ledru, then 35 years old, had been given mostly such difficult cases and one after another he had "broken" them where older and more experienced men had failed. His superiors recognized him as a rising detective genius and agreed that in another ten years he should rank as one of the greatest detectives of all time.

There was just one small doubt. The man often looked pale and so weary that some wondered if he would not perhaps break under the strain. But the department doctors examined Ledru, found his vital organs in extra good condition and prophesied that he would last a long time, if he did not get killed in action. They were right. He lasted to the age of 85 but died with no reputation whatever, all because he solved the murder mystery of Andre Monet.

Ledru had just cleaned up a long, hard case in Paris when he was sent to Havre, where six sailors had been murdered without any indication of who had done it. The young detective appeared so weary that he was urged first to take a few days rest but he refused on the ground that enough time had already been wasted to make the trails too cold for his liking.

This detective's besetting weakness was vanity. A brilliant man, he wanted everyone to think him even more brilliant than he was. His success depended, more than he wished others to know, upon the fact that he worked about 20 hours out of each 24 and never took a day off. An iron constitution made this possible but sometimes he carried this overwork so far that Nature revolted and this was one of those times.

After his first long day at Havre, he found himself suddenly overcome by such mental and physical exhaustion that he could no longer think nor hardly keep his eyes open. There was nothing to do but fall into his hotel bed and sleep till he had sufficiently rested to be his old, alert self again. For once he did not bother to set his mind a problem to work on while he slept.

A full twelve hours later he awoke much refreshed and eager to get on the trail again of the sailor murderer. In hastily dressing he noticed that his socks were wet, a thing he could not understand and also that someone seemed to have disturbed some of his belongings while he slept. Ledru devoted about one minute to this phenomenon, just long enough to make sure that the gun, watch and notes under his pillow apparently had not been touched. Then he brushed the incident from his mind.

If someone had thought of robbing him, he didn't care. If other guests of the hotel had been robbed, still he would not be interested for that would be a job for the local police. Detective Ledru had gotten where he was by concentrating on one thing at a time. On the third day at Havre, as he was mechanically eating his lunch while his mind tried to pry into one of the angles of the case, a local assistant who was eating and reading a paper remarked that there was a queer case at Sainte Adresse, a neighboring seaside resort.

"I don't want to know about it," the detective snapped. "Forget everything but this case."

But that night at the hotel, bad news was waiting. His chief in Paris had written that he had better run over to Sainte Adresse and see if he could not clear up the beach murder before the local talent bungled it completely. It was exasperating for this human bloodhound to have his nose pulled off one trail and stuck on another, but orders were orders. Next morning at the Sainte Adresse police headquarters, he gloomily looked over the records of what had been done. When he had run his eye through it, the local police chief suggested that he might like to examine the suspects.

"No," said Ledru, "and you might as well let them go, for they have no more to do with it than you and I have. Take me to the scene and let me examine the inanimate witnesses who never lie."

During the three days since the morning when the body was discovered on the beach, the police organization had done one part of the job thoroughly. They had gotten a complete history of the man who had been found naked, with a bullet in his heart. But this threw no light on why anyone should want to kill him.

Andre Monet was one of those insignificant characters who would have left no footprints on the sands of time had he not managed to get himself murdered. He was a small Parisian business man whose wife was the brains of the business. He was neither rich nor poor, had no real friends nor enemies, no love affairs, was true to his wife who neither loved nor hated him but was too busy to have lovers herself. Yet this insignificant, inoffensive person had been murdered, naked, on the beach at night.

His wife explained that she had sent him down there for a few days in the hope it would help his Summer cold which annoyed her and the customers. Evidently Andre had left his room for a moonlight walk, decided to take a swim, undressed in some bushes, a considerable distance from the hotel and after he came out of the water, someone had put a bullet through his heart. The fact that money and jewelry in his clothes were not taken, barred robbery as a motive. Suicide was unlikely for many reasons. The gun was missing and the shot was fired from sufficient distance to cause no powder marks on the skin. Also there were footprints of another person who had no doubt fired the shot. The local police had arrested one or two husbands and fathers of notoriously careless women, on the theory that Monet had had an affair and someone had killed him for it. Ledru brushed aside these assumptions and asked to see the bullet. When this was placed in his hands he exclaimed:

"Now here is a real clue. This bullet fits only one kind of revolver, an excellent little gun of which only a few were made, four years ago, in Germany, because they quickly found they had violated an Italian patent. Now show me the footprints which I understand you have fenced off and protected."

They showed him where the supposed killer's footprints appeared above highwater mark, went to the spot where the body was found, returned to the high-tide mark and disappeared.

He was in his stocking feet. That will make it hard for us, because we can't identify his shoes," complained the detective. But what is this?"

In silence the detective dropped to his knees and bent over each print. Then he arose and for a long time gazed out to sea, until the police chief asked if he would like to see the dead man's clothes.

"No," said Ledru, "I do not need to see anything more. The case is already cleared up, all but one thing, the motive. I must go back to the hotel and think that out."

"Absolutely impossible!" muttered the chief. "Crimes are not solved as quickly and easily as that. Does he think we are children?"

But next day Ledru presented a haggard face to his superior, in Paris, and in a weary voice, stated:

"I have the murderer and the evidence but I still do not know the motive."

"Where is your prisoner?" the chief asked, and Ledru's answer was:

"I am my prisoner. I did it and this is the evidence."

So saying, he laid his own gun and the bullet and a pair of socks, stiff with dried sand, on the desk.

"The prints on the beach were those of a man in his stocking feet and the big toe on his right foot was missing, chief," he added.

"And all this means what?" demanded the puzzled superior.

Ledru's answer was to remove his right shoe and show the foot where years ago a bullet had caused the amputation of his big toe.

"I did it in my sleep but I don't know why," was his only explanation. The doctors soon found out why, by watching him later while he slept. After an hour or so, they saw him arise, dress and leave his home in his stocking feet. One of the watchers then stepped in his path. Ledru pulled out his gun, fired and the man dropped. The detective then returned to the house and to bed. In the morning he had no recollection of the incident which would have been another killing but for the fact that blanks had been substituted for bullets in the gun.

Ledru's case was diagnosed as homicidal somnambulism caused by overstraining his mind. For the remaining 50 years of his life he was placed on sick leave and lived on a farm, sleeping in a barred room, guarded by a member of the police organization.

The annals of crime and medicine record many cases of homicidal sleepwalking and somnambulism, though only Ledru seems to have been set to track himself down. Alfred Morrison, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., was said to have shot and killed his wife and, like Ledru, not to have been awakened from sleep-walking by the concussion of the gun in his hand. He was acquitted. An Englishman, Frank J. Stockwell, under similar circumstances savagely hacked his wife to pieces, while walking in his sleep. Stockwell, however, was committed to a hospital prison.

Though not a murder mystery, quite as fantastic is the explanation for the existence of Geoffrey Denis Erskine Russell, England's famous "dream baby." The baby's mother, the Hon. Christabel Russell, was so annoyed when her husband, the Hon. Hugo Russell, said he could not possibly be the boy's father that she appealed the paternity case clear up to the British House of Lords.

Her explanation is as simple as it is amazing. She stated that after an unusually heavy sleep, she had awakened with the recollection of a vivid dream to the effect that her husband had violated a platonic agreement they had made. But later, when she realized the approach of maternity, the Hon. Christabel decided it was not a dream after all, though her husband denied having even dreamed of breaking the agreement. That was her story, she stuck to it, and the House of Lords believed her.

Only the other night John Mulligan, of Keene, New Hampshire, plunged from his bedroom window to a fatal fall. He lived long enough to explain that he was being attacked by a "dream goat" which finally butted him through the window.

John Anthony Crooke, noted civil engineer of Denver, Colorado, committed suicide, stabbing himself four times and still remaining asleep, until his wife, Minnie Dalbey Crooke, hearing his moans, managed to wake him up. Before he died he told of dreaming that he was surrounded by enemies all trying to ruin him and that finally an evil spirit persuaded him to kill himself.

John G. Lowe, wealthy retired manufacturer of Dayton, Ohio, knew he was given to dangerous somnambulism and surrounded his penthouse with a high fence. This proved a perfect protection against himself but recently he made the mistake of taking a trip by boat from New York to Boston, without hiring someone to sit up in his stateroom and watch him. During the night he vanished, presumably jumping over the steamer's rail in his sleep.

These cases are often known to be the result of worry or overwork. Deep concentration sometimes puts the mind into a condition like somnambulism. For instance, Sir Isaac Newton, discoverer of the laws of gravity, was as gentle as he was great. Yet he once found himself using the tender fingers of his little niece to press down the hot tobacco in his freshly-lighted pipe. He also suffered from delusions of persecution.

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Living Ornaments No Artist Can Match

This Live and Graceful Radiator Cap is an Acrobatic Dancer Who Balanced on the Hood of Her Automobile While Vacationing at Cliftonville, England. The Stunt Is Not as Easy as She Makes It Look.

Theatre Audiences in Berlin Were Thrilled by This Tableau, Representing a Gigantic Diamond Ring and Filled as "A Ring of Beauty." Four Shapely Charmes Provided the Ornamentation for the Big Circle.

Miss Jo Ann Anderson, of Redwood City, California, Playing the Role of Human Figurehead.

Sally Blane of the Movies (Inside the Ring) Posing as Regnault's World-Famous Painting, "Salome." So Accurately Did She Duplicate the French Artist's Idea of the Girl Who Demanded the Head of John the Baptist That the Character Seemed to Come to Life.

MANY centuries ago, according to an old Greek legend, Pygmalion, a young sculptor, carved out of a slab of marble the statue of a beautiful woman, Galatea, who later came to life. Recently there have been several examples of what might be called the Pygmalion and Galatea legend in reverse and some of the accompanying illustrations show how living women would appear if they were suddenly to become statues, jewelry or paintings.

The young woman above is an acrobatic dancer, vacationing at Cliftonville, England. The graceful pose which she is taking on the hood of her automobile is familiar to a great many motorists who have seen such figures used as metal radiator caps. But such gadgets, graceful as they may seem, are poor runners-up to this young dancer whose living portrayal of symmetry and charm cannot quite be captured by an artist working in lifeless metal.

Another of the pictures on this page shows a living ring of four shapely girls which might have been attempted in miniature by the great Italian craftsman, Cellini. When this tableau was introduced to theatre audiences in Berlin recently as "A Ring of Beauty," the spectators stood up and cheered.

The photograph in the center of the ring shows another type of living art. It is a photograph of Sally Blane of the movies posing as Regnault's world famous painting, "Salome." Many critics, comparing the photograph with the painting of the girl who demanded the head of John the Baptist, say that she brought the masterpiece to life.

At the right of the page, Miss Jo Ann Anderson, a shapely young woman of Redwood City, California, assumes a pose that is familiar to old-time sailing men, becoming a living figurehead.

The center illustration shows Rosemary Andree, England's "Vest Pocket Venus," in a sculpture-like pose which might have been born out of marble by the legendary Pygmalion.

"Electric Nose" to Detect Deadly Gas

MANY people are killed every year by carbon monoxide gas which, because it is odorless, tasteless, colorless and non-irritating, gives no advance warning before it strikes. Scientists and engineers have long been trying to find a way to avert these needless deaths and recently the U. S. Navy developed an apparatus which actually does what the human nose cannot do, that is to "smell out" the fumes of carbon monoxide.

The device, which operates on a combination chemical and electrical principle, is popularly known as an "electric nose" and when the City of Philadelphia purchased one the other day to protect its citizens from accidental asphyxiation it was immediately put to such good use that it probably saved many lives.

When a gas alarm was sounded in a large restaurant near the center of the city, Chief Herbert M. Packer, of the Health Bureau's division of housing and sanitation, sped to the scene with the "electric nose."

He carried the detector around the building noting the variation of concentration of the gas in each section. When he reached a defective flue, the dial on the "big nose" indicated there were 1200 parts of the gas to a million parts of air. The lethal fumes which had been caused by incomplete combustion were enough to kill anyone who remained in the cellar for an hour.

The "electric nose" itself works in a complicated but efficient manner. The tinted air containing carbon monoxide that is drawn into the machine is oxidized by a chemical known as hopcalite. This oxidation process sets up heat in proportion to the quantity of gas.

The heat operating through a thermocouple starts an electric current which registers on a calibrated gauge the proportion of carbon monoxide gas in the air.

While the "electric nose" has not as yet reached the point where it is available to every citizen, scientists point out that a small model may be evolved in the future especially for use in garages. Many of the deaths due to carbon monoxide occur in small garages during the cold weather when the cars are started and "warmed up" before being driven. With windows and doors tightly shut against the cold air outside, the carbon monoxide gas manufactured by the running motor remains in the garage and sometimes kills the driver.

Found—A One-Armed Paper Hanger

SINCE Joseph Marzo of Chicago Heights, Illinois, came to public attention recently, people who like to juggle words and compose similies are looking for a better stand-by than the old familiar "as busy as a one-armed paper hanger with the hives."

The reason is because Marzo is a one-armed paper hanger who occasionally does have the hives. Until he came forward most people thought that such a combination represented the height of activity, but Marzo doesn't stop there. Besides one-armed paper hanging, with or without the hives, he also paints buildings while standing on scaffolds high in the air, keeps 300 chickens and flies a plane, as he is studying to be a pilot.

All this should keep anyone busy for practically 24 hours a day but Marzo, who is now 29 years old, claims that he is not as active as he used to be. In addition to doing all of these things he formerly ran a baseball team during the Summer, playing in the outfield and catching high ones in an empty tomato can. He played football in the Fall tackling with his one arm. He did a lot of dancing during the Winter and Spring, winning five prizes for the tap dance, waltz, Black Bottom and Charleston.

Sixteen years ago, when Marzo was thirteen, he lost his left arm in a railroad accident. Like many other people who lose one limb when young, he developed greater than normal strength and facility in the other. After he recovered from his accident, he played the same games and sports as other youngsters of his age and became very skilful in making one arm do the work of two.

Just why he entered the paper-hanging trade when he left school, Marzo does not recall, other than that he thought there might be money in it.

Anyone who ever has tried to paper a wall with two good hands probably recalls that the fingers on those hands all felt as clumsy as thumbs when the paste had been applied to the back of the roll of paper. It buckled and creased, rolled and stuck together as obstinately as if it had a perverse will of its own and when applied to the wall, it either was lopsided or wrinkled.

Yet Marzo, with only his right arm, can skilfully unfurl a roll of wall paper, paste it, mount a ladder or scaffold and then apply the paper to the wall so that it hangs straight. He refuses to state whether he can also scratch his ear when doing all this or whether he just lets them itch, but people who have employed him to decorate their rooms say that his finished job is equal in appearance to that of any two-armed paper hanger.

Marzo has been hiding his light under a bushel for many years. He went about his job of paper hanging in Chicago Heights houses and apartments until just a few weeks ago when somebody realized that here at last was the man who personified the simile "as busy as a one-armed paper hanger with the hives" and finally he was persuaded to come to New York to appear on a radio program.

He didn't want to come because he recently had been married but his friends insisted that it was his duty to do so. After his broadcast he hurried right back home and repapered his entire apartment just to prove to himself that he hadn't lost his touch during his absence.

People who have had the privilege of watching this unusual fellow on the job say that he is surprisingly facile with his one hand and works at a rate of speed that would put many an able-bodied man to shame.

One wag, who writes jokes for the humorous magazines, says that since Marzo has been brought to public attention, there is one other man whom he is eagerly waiting to meet, the mythical one-armed carpenter who uses a chisel and hammer simultaneously by holding the chisel in his teeth and hitting himself on the back of the head with a hammer.

Madame Olga Celeste, Said to Be the Only Woman Leopard Trainer in the World, Bestows a Kiss on One of Her Spotted Cats.

A Mother Goose Rhyme Come True

THE old Mother Goose rhyme about Mary and her little lamb may be a myth, but Mary Anastos, of Nantasket Beach, Mass., says it could be true, because she has a pet lamb named Chico.

Residents of Nantasket Beach are as proud of Chico's accomplishments as Mary is herself and, whenever Mary goes on a shopping tour with her pet lamb trailing along behind, the pair are pointed to as a popular old jingle come to life.

Mary, herself, sees nothing unusual in having Chico for a pet. She adopted him when he was only a few weeks old and he seemed to develop a genuine affection for her at first following her about the house and grounds and then, when he became a little older, accompanying her on walks.

Chico is not afraid of people and seems to enjoy being petted by passers-by. He has an instinctive fear of automobiles, however, and stays close to Mary whenever he sees one. Nantasket Beach motorists say that he is the ideal pedestrian as he never attempts to cross a street until the road is clear.

One day Chico actually followed his mistress to school and had, like the lamb in the jingle, to be taken home.

Rosemary Andree, England's "Vest Pocket Venus" Imitating a Sculpture as Graceful as Any of the Statues Carved by the Greek Master, Phidias.

Mary Anastos, of Nantasket Beach, Mass., With Her Pet Lamb "Chico" That, Just Like the Sheep in the Mother Goose Rhyme, Follows His Mistress to School.

Affection in the Leopard Cage

WHEN Olga Celeste of Los Angeles, California, who is said to be the only woman leopard trainer in the world, kisses "Lovely," one of her spotted pets, she does so about as cautiously as a tight rope walker would balance himself over Niagara Falls.

She holds a whip in her hand ready for instant action in case "Lovely" should choose the particular second during which Madame Celeste is kissing him to show his resentment and lunge for her throat, which is within easy reach.

Leopards resent a lot of things, according to animal trainers, who believe that they are just about the most dangerous members of the cat family to handle because of their many surly moods. While they may occasionally tolerate a human being, they seldom develop any real affection for one, no matter how well they may be treated.

To a leopard a kiss, however friendly, is just an annoyance, as the wicked gleam in "Lovely's" eye plainly shows.

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What! Give the Reno Divorcees Back to Their Original Husbands? Ouch!

Outlawing of Nancy Brill's Divorce Because She Pretended to Be a Resident and Wasn't, Threatens Severe Matrimonial Headaches for Thousands Who Have Lightly Tossed Their Marriage Bonds Away in Nevada

With Nancy's Case for Precedent, ex-Husbands of a Reno Divorcee Could Toss the Lady to Their Predecessors Like Gymnasts Throwing a Medicine Ball, Finally Landing Her in the Arms of the Embarrassed Original Spouse.

A JUDGE has apparently kicked the props right out from under the Reno divorce mill by ruling that one of its run-of-the-mine decrees isn't worth the paper it's written on because the lovely lady who got it was never really a resident of Nevada, but was just pretending to be. This will doubtless be bad news to many of the 50,000 persons who also went there for these scraps of paper during the past ten years.

Other judges have declared Reno divorces invalid for one reason or another, usually because the defendant was not properly served with a summons or did not have a lawyer at the hearing. But this judge went straight to the heart of the matter and established a new precedent when he set aside Mrs. Nancy Pierson Brooks Macy Brill's Reno divorce "because her residence in Nevada was purely simulated."

So it may be that Nancy not only got herself into a peck of trouble but also dragged in a lot of other women when she carelessly went through the motions of getting that divorce and a $100,000 alimony check from George Macy.

The check was good, but the other day Superior Judge Edward Henderson, of Ventura, California, decided the divorce was not and annulled her marriage to William Hunsaker Brill, 3rd, who walked out of court owing nothing to Nancy for his two-day honeymoon.

And since judges like nothing so much as a brand-new precedent, they may now start taking this same disconcerting stand all over the country in regard to the simulated residence of people who crave Reno divorces.

But that is precisely what so many discontented wives and a few husbands go there for, renting a room in a boarding house and rushing home with the divorce papers the moment they are signed.

They have been doing that for years, but back in 1927 Nevada decided its divorce mill was not grinding fast enough to stifle competition from other quick and easy communities. So it cut down the period for establishing "legal residence" from six to three months. But the people who profit from this business still weren't satisfied, and in 1931 the law was changed again, cutting the period down to six weeks, and since that time the State has been averaging 4,000 divorces a year.

Dr. Alfred Cahen, an outstanding authority on this subject, says in his "Statistical Analysis of American Divorces" that since 1927 five-sixths of the Nevada decrees have been granted in a "migratory fashion to people from other jurisdictions, who were evading their own State laws." On this basis, considering only the past ten years, there must be close on to 30,000 persons who now have reason to feel uneasy.

Nancy, who is no longer Mrs. Brill but Mrs. Macy again, says she will appeal to a higher court. But if Judge Henderson's ruling is upheld, there seems to be no reason why all the husbands of all the wives who have remarried on the strength of Reno divorces shouldn't do as William did and walk out without alimony obligations.

Furthermore, should the higher courts agree with Judge Henderson that would be fair notice to everyone that a Reno divorce for a temporary resident is a gold brick, which would doubtless put the divorce mill out of business. The only Nevada decrees that would be any good would be those granted to bona fide residents. There are about 100,000 of these.

The court's decision seems to have tossed Nancy back into Mr. Macy's lap, regardless of the $100,000 payoff which he made for a permanent parting.

In cases where the wife has had several Reno divorces, all would be equally void and each husband could toss the ex-wife, in turn, to the next previous one, like men in a gymnasium tossing a medicine ball, until she would finally come to rest in the arms of the first and original spouse. This gentleman, with no predecessor to whom he could pass the fair buck, would seem to have a problem on his hands.

He might sue for divorce, naming the annulled husbands who succeeded him as corespondents, but suppose he too has remarried. In that event she could bring countersuit, naming any or all of his annulled wives as corespondents. Things being equal, or anything near equal, the wife usually wins any sort of matrimonial suit. Therefore the first husband would presumably find himself holding the bag. Though Nancy has a long string of names George Macy was, and now again is, her original husband.

A few years ago the wealthy Mr. Converse M. Converse also found himself in an embarrassing situation over a Reno divorce. Under the impression, he said, that his first wife had agreed, he got a Nevada decree, and then married Mrs. Stella Fried-Kahn-Gurdin, in Mexico. But the first Mrs. Converse, the former Marian McCall, said she had made no such agreement, and a New York judge set aside the decree because she had not had a lawyer at the hearing nor been served with a summons within the boundaries of Nevada. As a result, Mr. Converse's legal wife in New York was Marian while Stella was his legal wife in Nevada, with the status of both uncertain in the rest of the country.

Another rich husband who thought he had his wife's approval to a Reno divorce was George H. Nolde, of Reading, Pennsylvania. But when Mrs. Carolyn Nolde, who was a waitress before her marriage, denied that she had made an agreement submitting to the jurisdiction of the Nevada courts, the Pennsylvania courts ruled that the divorce was invalid. There are hundreds of similar cases.

But Nancy's situation is perhaps the most interesting of all.

A New York girl, Nancy Brooks, married in 1929 George Henry Macy, son of a wealthy New York tea merchant, and trouble started so promptly that in 1930 she obtained a separation, complaining among other things that her husband had removed all the furniture from their apartment, leaving her nothing to eat or sleep on but newspapers. In 1934 she stopped over in Reno the required six weeks for a divorce on the grounds of cruelty.

In February of last year she was 24 years old when she met Bill Brill, 25, the handsome heir of George Brill steel corporation executive, in Los Angeles. After a few weeks intense courtship they decided one day to elope.

California requires a three-day delay between the application for a marriage certificate and its issuance. This was too long to wait and besides it would be printed in the papers and Mama Brill might take a hand.

Also, the gilded youth and the young woman who had collected $100,000 only two years before could raise but $20 between them. This would not be enough for Mexico but in Bill's car, they could get away with it at Yuma, Arizona. Driving across the desert, the bridegroom stopped the car and with his own hands picked a bridal bouquet of the first flowers of Spring, which Nancy thought far more romantic than mere orchids. The near husband husbanded some more of their slender funds by buying the wedding ring at a ten-cent store.

Everything was beautiful as it should be on a honeymoon until the groom sat up in bed, two days later, in a Los Angeles hotel and said:

"Darling, I really ought to run over home for a few minutes and pick up some clothes. I'll be right back."

Bill was gone longer than Nan expected, but she consoled herself with the thought that he was telling his mother all about the charm and beauty of his bride. Then the telephone rang. It was Bill.

"Sweet, I'm so tired. I wonder if you would mind a lot if I stayed over here tonight. I—er—perhaps you understand."

Again the bride assented, thinking she understood that Mother-in-law was perhaps being a bit difficult and it would be good policy for Bill to stay thereby had she reached it than the telephone rang. A bored voice said:

"We found your husband at the first place we looked. He is at his mother's house."

Well, if the police could see him, then his wife could. With her very last change, she took a taxi to the handsome Brill apartment house in the exclusive Wilshere district and found her husband in the act of placing a lot of clothes in the car, which Nancy thought meant that he was coming back to her at last. But, as she threw her arms around him, he stammered:

"Nancy, you better get out of town, mother is furious about all this."

"But, Bill, what does this mean?"

"I don't know. Here are the keys to the car. You better beat it before mother catches you here."

His warning came too late, because just then mother did catch Nan there.

"What's going on here?" was her demand of the bewildered couple.

Her son said nothing but fled up the stairs. Nan followed in slow pursuit, but an instant too late. The door was closed when she reached it.

Frustrated and angry, Nan jumped into her husband's car and started driving. She didn't know where and didn't care. Her first stop was fifty miles north of Los Angeles.

Reporters intercepted her there. They had more bad news. Her husband had just filed suit for annulment and, of all things, on the grounds that he was intoxicated at the time of the marriage and didn't know what he was doing. He further alleged that Nan had misrepresented her previous marital status, that her divorce from her first husband wasn't legal.

That was too much. The big yellow Brill coupe speeded north again.

Nan had no money for food which did not matter because she had no appetite either. The car's need for gasoline was satisfied because she fortunately had a gasoline credit card.

There was no stop until she reached San Francisco, nearly 500 miles away. There, in her first heat of anger, she countered with an allegation suit of her own, but when it came to trial withdrew it and fought her husband's suit.

When that came up she produced as witnesses the judge and clerk of the court at Yuma who testified that both Nancy and Bill had been cold sober at the ceremony.

Judge Henderson threw the claim of intoxication out. Nan was jubilant, only to be floored by the void divorce charge, a blow that is echoing around the country.

Bill Brill and Nancy Photographed on Their Brief But Hectic Honeymoon.

Mrs. Carolyn Nolde, Who Was a Waitress When Wealthy Mr. Nolde Married Her. The Pennsylvania Courts Declared the Husband's Reno Divorce, Obtained Years Later, Worthless.

Mrs. Nancy Pierson Brooks Macy Brill, Who the California Court Says, Is Still Married to George Macy, Because When She Went to Reno to Clear the Way to Marry William Hunsaker Brill, III, Her Residence There, According to the Judge, Was Merely Simulated.

Mrs. M. Converse, Who Was Divorced by the Reno Courts but Reinstated as the Wife of Mr. Converse by the New York Courts.

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Tragic "Mishap" That Broke Up The Dancing Act

A QUESTION many persons ask when they watch daring acrobats perform is, do they ever let go? Now comes the news of an acrobatic act which broke up under especially tragic circumstances in Budapest. The incident shows that occasionally acrobats do let go and that it is a serious matter when they do.

It was during the star act at the Parisian Grill, smart Budapest night club, that the accident took place. Peggy Taylor and her husband, Lawrence Le Tendre, an American acrobatic dance couple billed as the "Peggy Taylor Duo," were going through their breakaway routine when something went wrong. To the consternation of the gay audience, Lawrence stumbled and lost his grip on Peggy so that she pitched headlong into the tables and received dreadful injuries.

Peggy was rushed to the hospital. The spectators, of one accord, said that it looked as if it was no accident but had been done on purpose. Under the circumstances a police investigation was ordered, and some suspicious facts were uncovered. It was found that this performance was the last one for which the act was scheduled. On the following day the dancers were supposed to leave for an engagement in Bucharest.

But it was a matter of common gossip among the cabaret people—the grill girls, the jazz musicians and the waiters—that Lawrence was unhappy about leaving, and they all knew the reason for his reluctance. He had fallen in love with a pretty Hungarian dancer at the establishment, Piroska Verebes by name. Piroska was a serious girl, not given to short-lived adventures. Besides Lawrence Le Tendre was a married man.

Le Tendre, however, was crazy about her. As tragic events showed later, the term "crazy" had to be taken literally in his case. He had always been devoted to his wife, who, after all, had "made" him. Peggy Taylor had already been a name in lights when she picked up Lawrence from obscurity, trained him, made him her partner, and finally married him.

The glamorous Peggy Taylor Duo was a happy couple off the stage until the day Lawrence set eyes on Piroska. But her rebuffs made him gloomy and absent-minded. He stared at Piroska like a man possessed whenever it was time for her act. He began to drunk heavily for the first

Lawrence Stumbled and Recovered His Balance—but too Late. Peggy Went Sailing Into a Table and Blood Gushed From Her Head as She Struck It. The Music Came to a Crashing Stop.

time. Peggy could not help noticing his infatuation but thought that he would forget this other woman.

Besides, whenever the time came to act, he shook off his depression and executed the difficult steps with ease and perfection. On the fatal last evening, however, his behavior was strangely alarming. He did not answer when spoken to and was highly nervous.

Five minutes later Peggy was on the floor, in Lawrence's arms, with the stereotyped, fixed smile on her lips. Lawrence went correctly through the steps that they had practised such countless times. Yet Peggy felt something was wrong. It was all mechanical, like something that had been wound up and might run down at any moment. Peggy found herself praying for the act to be over. The waltz was reaching its climax—the big "turn," when Lawrence would hold her high above his head, her shoulder in his right hand and her outstretched leg in his left while he circled, ever faster in a mad whirl around the polished and gleaming floor.

Peggy had always felt so safe, but now—the clapping began, the act was nearly over, and Peggy was ready to laugh at her fears when Lawrence stumbled. He recovered his balance but it was too late. Peggy went sailing into a table and blood gushed from her head as she struck it. A leg, doubled under her, caused her to scream in agony. The music came to a crashing stop, women cried out, and for Peggy the world went black.

Lawrence just stood there, motionless and mumbling, "An accident," he said vaguely to questions. But why had Le Tendre with a perfect record failed now? "He deliberately dropped her," was the unanimous verdict, and Lawrence was placed under arrest. Cross-examination soon revealed their accusation was not a hasty one. Lawrence had gone crazy. By the time Peggy was able to leave the hospital, her husband was a mental patient doomed to a hospital for the insane. He was a patient, not for a short time like his wife, but probably for life.

According to the alienists who were called in on the case, one of the great discoveries of Professor Freud, the creator of psycho-analysis, is that accidents nearly always are the expression of involuntary, subconscious desires. You go for an outing in doubtful weather and forget to take an umbrella. It means that subconsciously you want to convince yourself that it is not going to rain. A dressmaker leaves pins sticking out of the dress she sends home to a fussy customer. She does not mean to do so, but it is an unconscious expression of the secret antagonism she feels toward the client whom she does not dare to offend.

"If a person is mentally unbalanced, these subconsciously intentional accidents may grow more serious because the inhibitions that discipline a normal person are lacking. When Lawrence Le Tendre dropped his wife at the most dangerous moment of their acrobatic dance act, when she was bound to hurt herself, he did not do so intentionally. Subconsciously, however, he probably had a latent desire to get rid of her. That he unintentionally gave way to this desire is another proof that he is mentally unbalanced."

Death Robs May-December Romance Of Its Profits

"IT happened one night" in a bus, in the movies. But in real life it was not such a pretty picture when the strait-laced and rich Susan Bird McCalla fell for Arthur Fraser, hotel clerk from Atlantic City, on a jolting bus ride to Philadelphia. She was more than four times as old as he, with 30 years of experience to match his 22.

Not only did Miss McCalla have strong family traditions, she was a woman of culture and refinement. He, on the other hand, was without property and seldom had a steady job. Yet in age, judgment often seems to count still less than it does in youth. By the time Miss McCalla died, Fraser was a rich man, made so through gifts from the susceptible woman.

But her death has turned out to be less of a piece of good luck than Fraser may have expected. In fact, it was the signal for him to lose the fortune she provided. The high courts have now ordered him to disgorge more than $200,000, which will revert to the estate of the old lady, because the judges ruled that he obtained the fortune by undue influence.

Born in Kingarden, Ontario, 32 years ago, Fraser came to this country at the age of 13, for the reason that he "didn't care to go to school." He found work as a hotel clerk and it was in the course of wandering from hotel to hotel and city to city that he chanced to be in Atlantic City in 1926.

The Young Hotel Clerk, Who Happened to Be Riding the Same Bus as the Aged Miss McCalla, Flattered Her With His Attentions and the Strangely Assorted Couple Got on Famously.

The boom years for the business world began in 1929, but for Fraser prosperity came a bit sooner. In 1926, he happened to take the bus in which he sat next to old Miss McCalla. Fraser admired the expensive jewels she wore, and she was flattered by his attentions. Soon they were getting along famously. Fraser made a hit with her, he was so solicitous of her comfort. She little realized that a day would come when he might abuse her.

At parting, she asked him to come over and see her sometime, and Fraser did not hesitate to accept. A few weeks after they had been thrown together in the bus, the youth was firmly entrenched in the aged woman's favor. He gave up his job and moved into the spinster's home where for years she had lived alone with the servants.

There was no further need for the young man to work. All his expenses were paid by his senile friend. He received more than his allowance of $60 a week, because he was deeded various and sundry pieces of property. To this Miss McCalla soon added large sums of cash and valuable securities. At last in her will she added alleged codicils which made him, instead of her blood relatives, her heir.

When Miss McCalla died January 29, 1935, her protege was sitting pretty. Probably he felt he had earned every penny of what he received. He had lived with Miss McCalla for nine years, and this had been a wearing experience for him, court testimony by the servants later seemed to indicate. He had, as further price of the inheritance, even taken the McCalla name as his middle name, although he had no blood ties to warrant taking it.

But two nieces of Miss McCalla felt differently about the matter. They filed suit against Fraser, claiming that he had exerted "undue overmastering influence" over their aunt. One of the several alleged codicils was dated three days before the death of Miss McCalla, and it stated that anybody who contested the will would be automatically cut off.

The nieces, Mrs. Mary Davis McCown and Mrs. Julia McCalla Davis Lee, decided to go ahead with the suit anyhow because they suspected all was not right with the will which gave most of the property to Fraser. They filed equity proceedings against him and obtained an order restraining him from disposing of property, securities and cash which he had received from Miss McCalla. Then the case was brought to the Common Pleas Court and testimony covering 1800 pages and more than 200 court exhibits, including letters, made the strange friendship an "open book."

The next problem was to get hold of Fraser. It was found that seven months after the death of Miss McCalla, he had gone to Minneapolis and married on his comfortable fortune. Process servers hunted for him for days. At last an attorney, by chance, succeeded in slapping the papers on Fraser in a hotel dining-room.

In court, Fraser's testimony provoked Judge Edwin L. Lewis, who was presiding, to say that "if the decision of the court depended on the testimony of this defendant, he would lose, for I regard him as utterly unreliable as a witness."

Albert I. Osborn, the New York handwriting expert who testified in the Hauptmann case, said that the codicils to the McCalla will had been written after they had been signed. He told the court that he could tell by the colors of the ink. All Miss McCalla had done, he said, was write her signature, the codicils, apparently, had been written in after that by other people.

Fraser in his defense said that Miss McCalla regarded him as a son. The only one she could turn to as her relatives had neglected her. "I think that anything given me by Miss McCalla was given with her love and affection and it was known to the plaintiffs who made no objections," he argued.

But the judge did not think it was all love and affection after hearing the testimony of the two servants, Herbert and Ann Rawles. They described Fraser as having a violent temper and told how he had thrown the aged woman down at one time when he was angry. He had been rude to the servants in spite of Miss McCalla's pleadings, they said.

During the first seven years Fraser was given an allowance of $3,000 a year, it was brought out. In the Summer of 1927, Miss McCalla bought a home near Philadelphia at Jarrettown, for $10,000; the title was in Fraser's name. The house needed repairs, so out came another $7,000. It was this home in which Miss McCalla died. In 1934 there was a fire in the house and Miss McCalla gave Fraser $10,000 for repairs, not counting the fire insurance money. In the six years from 1929 to 1935, Fraser also acquired $55,515 in properties and securities in addition to another $15,000 in securities before 1928. The court estimated that Fraser had enriched himself by about $175,000 during this long and profitable acquaintance. This does not even count the $45,000 deed of trust which he received from the will and also does not include the allowance he received all those years. Then, too, there were smaller gifts and things like furniture and jewelry which, the servants affirmed, he had taken from Miss McCalla's city home without her consent.

Judge Lewis, after listening to both sides, said that "Fraser, by inordinate flattery and other ingratiating conduct, insinuated himself into Miss McCalla's affection and regard and aroused in her a deep devotion and sincere affection for him. Upon attaining a secure position in Miss McCalla's affections, Fraser employed it as an instrument to secure domination over her mind and subjugate her will to his in the conduct of her daily life and in the disposition of her wealth."

Consequently, Judge Lewis declared null and void the gifts to Fraser after January 1, 1927, and ruled that Fraser return to the estate all other realty and securities. That was last November. Last Spring, however, Fraser's attorneys appealed to the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, and now its decision has been given out. It agrees with the verdict of the lower court and orders Fraser to return the fortune. The task at that time was to find him.

Why "Perfect" Loveless Colony Didn't Last

EUGENICS enthusiasts, eager for evidence that "planned babies" improve mankind, have found their dreams come true, not in the dim future but in the immediate past, and almost under their very noses. Their encouragement has appeared in the recently published book, "My Father's House," by Pierrepont Noyes. This is the fantastic inside story of the famed communist colony formed at Oneida, New York. It is literally an inside job because it is a biography of boyhood by one who was himself a child of the experiment and a son of John Humphrey Noyes, founder of the community.

The book shows a way of life which members once firmly believed, would some day be adopted by the entire world. Yet their philosophy had no place for marriage or money. To them it was never an experiment, even though they gave in at last to denunciations from the pulpit and the man in the street and went back to the customary ways of society.

Had their system become universal, it would be a fabulous world today. Nobody would be allowed to have a baby, except by a committee vote. The superior people would have the most children, but most couples would be allowed no more than one child. This would be the result of the "stirpiculi" system, invented by his elder Noyes to create a superior race. In the world were like that now, there would be scientific matings only, in which the laws of chance, love, or money would not be permitted to take part. Selective breeding would be managed much the way domestic animals are bred.

To do this, it would be, of course, necessary to give up all personal feelings about whom one wanted to be the father of one's child. That was how the "Perfectionists," as the followers of the stern Noyes also called themselves, worked it. A woman might like a certain man, but if the committee decided it, the father of her child would have to be some other man more to their liking.

If a man or a woman would want a child by a chosen partner, application had to be made to the committee. The request was carefully considered, with full consideration of the applicant's background, heredity, physique, mentality, personality and talents.

Approval of the application would mean that the two could go ahead and have a baby, without troubling to get married first. Provided the committee approved, one could

In the Communist Colony There Was No Marriage but Men and Women Who Wanted Children Applied to a Committee That Passed on Their Qualifications for Parenthood Before Granting Permission.

have as many mates as desired. "The widest selections in cohabitation were encouraged and, in fact, insisted upon" by the followers of Noyes.

Under this system it would be regarded as sinful to like any one person better than the rest; love was to be diffused among all and any exclusions or "special lovers" were firmly forbidden.

At the age of about fifteen months, the children were taken away from their mothers and put in a special department. They were separated into divisions according to their age and sex. Here they had no want of care and attention, however, for many persons, especially the aged, were ready to play with them. The idea was for everybody to share the children—they were not to be the exclusive property of their parents. In fact, there was no private property. Women did not belong to their men, children did not belong to parents, and furniture and tools did not belong to anybody in particular.

Still, had the convictions of the Oneida communists persuaded their enemies, modern life would not be a paradise of unlicensed liberty as might be imagined. In fact, it would be a dull world for evildoers to live in. To keep community members under discipline, there were "criticism" meetings, during which one's character was taken apart and put together again. Everything was brought out, and any defections from the narrow path were severely dealt with.

Liquor wasn't allowed and nobody ever swore. Even tobacco was forbidden the old folks. There was a trend to vegetarianism too. The diet was mostly one of vegetables and fruits; meat and coffee were seldom served.

The unusual ideas entertained by John H. Noyes caused him to be persecuted most of his life. He was not able to get a license to preach what he practised, and his first American communist society, called "The Putney Community," founded in Vermont in 1839, was driven out for its ideas about "complex marriage." Finally, reformed at Oneida, his colony had to give up the very principles for which it was founded.

But because children of the "Perfectionists" were born the "stirpiculi" way, scientists have now decided that this was eugenics "on a scale rarely, if ever, attempted before." According to Eugenical News, official journal of the Eugenics Research Association, the followers of Noyes were going in the right direction.

Stirpiculture was not just incidental to the community life, it was among the first interests. Of fifty-eight children born the first eleven years of the colony's life, all but four were planned in advance. During the fifteen months when the "stirpiculi" efforts were in full swing, nine applications for parenthood were vetoed and 42 approved.

The wisdom of the method, according to the review in "Eugenical News," is evident in the products today. Most of the men and women so born are big and have great physical vitality as well as intelligence. They are successful in outstanding fields. And compared with the normal expectancy figures published by insurance companies, these products of eugenics are incredibly long-lived.

Doughty Officer Betrayed By Monocle, As A Crook

HE WASN'T born with a monocle. That little fading recently caused the unmasking of the distinguished Major Broquet de Matti, chemist-controller of armaments at the Ministry of War. He was caught barely in time. In another week the coup he had planned for four years would have come off.

It had been the carefully thought out and highly ambitious plan of Felix Broquet, an ex-waiter, wanted for deserting his wife and four children, to defraud three Paris business men of more than $100,000, marry Princess Engalytchev and go with her on a world cruise.

Except for the keen eyes of a passing detective who forgot he was on vacation, the well-dressed and haughty "major" would probably never have been apprehended. The detective, Claude Chambrunier, happened to be near the hotel where the princess was staying when he saw an expensive limousine draw up and a wealthy-looking man get out of it. But what excited the curiosity of Chambrunier was the difficulty that gentleman seemed to be having with his monocle. He kept screwing up his eye to hold the thing, and twice, from the car to the hotel door, the glass dropped into the man's hand.

"How odd of a gentleman," thought Chambrunier, "not to be practice-perfect in the manners of his class." The fellow just didn't seem to know how to wear a monocle, and the question was, why was he trying to? It was only a hunch, but the detective decided to investigate. Was the "major" trying to hide something behind his glass "front"?

The detective decided to forget about his vacation and do a little bit of sleuthing on his own. He soon found that the "major" had served prison terms for wearing decorations to which he had no title. He also carried on political intrigues which are now being investigated.

For example, a high official in the Paris police department said, "He had been planning to defraud a Paris doctor who holds a patent design for gas-masks. It is certain he would have gone off with the money."

The princess, who is the widow of a former Russian consul in Chicago from Czarist days, had no reason to suspect the "major." She had been introduced to him in French society, where he had made many wealthy friends.

"He was extremely gallant," she told reporters. "Any occasional flashes of rudeness that I noticed I put down to his being a military man. He proposed to me in a letter written on notepaper from the Cercle Militaire. It is certain I should have become his wife because I had not the remotest suspicion that he was anything but what he said he was.

"He used to tell me he had suffered much in life. We were very much in love, and always together except when he was conducting his business about gas-masks."

Officials have declined to identify the business men Broquet tried to hoax. But they state that the detective, whose practiced eye was quick to recognize a clumsy one, is in line for a well-deserved advancement. The "major's" fate is not so happy.

According to police, "Broquet believed the foolish proverb that 'a man deserves what he gets.' He tried to make a fortune by dishonest methods in that belief. But by the same token he deserves everything he's going to get now."

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Just About the Weird Thing Poet D'Annunzio Would Do?

Was He the Mysterious "Master Mind" Who Engineered the Disappearance of Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" From the Louvre for Inspiration, and Did He Send Her Back Because He Couldn't Stand Her Fat Hands?

Striking Photograph of Eleanora Duse, the Famous Actress Whose Delicate Hands Always Inspired the Italian Poet. The Remarkable Likeness of the "Mona Lisa" to Duse May Have Had Something to Do With the Poet's Interest in the Painting.

Amusing Sketch of D'Annunzio by the Eminent French Cartoonist, Sem, Caricaturing Him as a Dancing Muse.

Leonardo da Vinci's Masterpiece the "Mona Lisa" Which Disappeared From the Louvre in 1911 and Reappeared Two Years Later. The Plumpness of Her Hands Is Said to Have Disillusioned D'Annunzio and Caused the Return of the Picture to the Louvre.

Among the Inspirations Which Have Guided Gabriele D'Annunzio Was the Goddish "Adolphus," According to the Late Isadora Duncan, the Famous Dancer, Who Was Also One of His Inspirations. This French Cartoon Shows All Three.

The Brilliant and Eccentric Italian Poet-Soldier Gabriele D'Annunzio in His Study

PARIS Oct 29.

WHERE was the famous stolen "Mona Lisa hiding those years she was missing from her frame in the Louvre galleries at Paris? Appropriately enough she was visiting Italy's warrior poet Gabriele D'Annunzio who needed her for inspiration. But alas, like his other lovely "inspirations" which included Eleanora Duse whose heart he broke, Louisa Baccara who bit back and broke his skull, Ita Rubinstein who danced in and danced out of his life, he tired of Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece too, and sent her back. Her hands annoyed him.

This much seems to have been made certain from the poet's own words which tattled on Mona Lisa just as they did on the deserted Duse who died of humiliation. It is also alleged by a French writer of distinction that D'Annunzio may have been the "master mind" who planned the "sublime robbery" as he calls the theft.

Most everyone who has known that strange and gifted personage agrees that D'Annunzio is probably the only man in the world crazy enough to want to do such a thing and, at the same time brilliant enough to get away with it. The case has been built up by the literary detective work of Charles Chasse, eminent French writer, including the "irresistible motive" which only D'Annunzio would have.

The theft of the celebrated painting was done under such confusingly mysterious circumstances as to suggest the hand of a genius from the beginning. On July 24, 1910, the newspaper Cri De Paris made the startling statement that a month previously the Mona Lisa, known in France as La Joconde, and in Italy as La Gioconda, had been stolen.

"Pooh, pooh!" said M. Homolle, director of the Louvre Museum. With a faintly sardonic smile he pointed at the recently installed glass through which Mona Lisa, with a smile that is said to have taken four years to paint and has lasted more than four centuries, smiled back. Everyone forgot it apparently, even the Cri which has never revealed where the information came from.

But a year later, in 1911, there was so much complaint about the heavy glass obscuring the paintings that some were removed, including that protecting La Joconde. At once there was no denying that the original Mona Lisa was gone, replaced by a copy. Some evidence was shown that the theft had recently been perpetrated, but the Cri insisted that the thieves had now merely stolen the copy left by the original robbers a year before.

Anyhow, one of the world's greatest art treasures was gone, causing wires and cables to hum with the news. Detectives, Government agents and art dealers the world over went on the trail. Precious metals can be melted, precious stones removed from their settings and even recut, but who would dare buy this "hottest" of all stolen goods, the Mona Lisa? The only possible customer was the rightful owner, the Louvre, which could soon expect a ransom demand. It was more like a kidnaping and, of course, the ransom would be paid.

But when no ransom demands came and no clues were found, it began to look as if La Joconde had eloped and did not want to return to the Louvre's bed and board. How could such a thing be? Then, in 1913, the priceless panel was recovered in Italy not in the possession of a master criminal but of a mentally defective workman, named Perrugia.

In court, Perrugia confessed that he had done the deed as one of four workmen who had placed glass around the painting. The Louvre records show that he did work on that job and also was working there at the time the glass was removed. The official view was that the work was taken in 1911, instead of 1910. The man said his motive was revenge for the many works of art Napoleon took from Italy, and that until four days before his arrest it had been in the custody of his accomplice, known only in the records as "Vincent L."

Vincent was released "for lack of reliable evidence," and Perrugia was given only a year in prison because he was evidently the tool of some far more capable schemer. The Italian authorities had planned to watch the man after his release in the belief that he would make contact with the "master mind," but he disappeared in 1914 during the confusion of the World War. Meanwhile, back in her rightful place, the authentic Mona Lisa continued to smile down on her admiring public, which little dreamed that she had been flouted and scorned by a man.

Gabriele D'Annunzio emerged from the war, not only one of the greatest poets and playwrights of his time but one of the leading war heroes who had lost an eye in an air battle and he kept on being a war hero. In 1919 he headed a band of Italian volunteers who seized the port of Fiume on the Adriatic and held it for fifteen months until his own Government ousted him.

But fame had gone to his head, causing him to yield to what are called the eccentricities of genius. He felt himself of such historical importance that he must write memoirs revealing his most intimate relations with certain of his sweethearts.

Most prominent of these was the great tragedienne Eleanora Duse. The word "inspiration" brings a smile to the lips of the sophisticated because usually it means nothing more than a girl friend. But in the case of Duse, neither the poet himself nor anyone who knew them, denies that she was a true and powerful inspiration.

Since childhood, D'Annunzio seems to have dreamed about Mona Lisa because he believed she bore the enigmatic smile of Italy, which he also thinks is stamped on his own countenance. Duse's resemblance to the Mona Lisa has often been noted, but it struck the poet and playwright most forcibly of all. She forsook her repertory for his plays, one of which, La Gioconda, was written for her around the flesh-and-blood woman who sat for Mona Lisa.

It was the story of how Da Vinci came to paint the portrait of Lisa Gherardini, wife of his friend Francesco di Bartolomeo di Zanobi del Giocondo. She was much younger than her husband and had a lover still younger. This young gentleman had just broken the news to Lisa that he was about to be married when the husband and Da Vinci came in.

Fascinated by the softly sardonic smile playing about the lady's lips, the artist made a sketch and later a finished portrait. It is said to have taken him four years to get that tantalizing curl of the lip just the way he wanted it.

To D'Annunzio, Duse was the reincarnation of Lisa, with an important improvement which he did not notice at first, her hands. He compared her to "a thousand statues, all masterpieces." Then came a day when for no visible reason she no longer inspired the fickle genius who thereupon bowed her out of his life with a little more ceremony, but not much more feeling than he would have dismissed an excellent workman who had finished his job around the house.

The poet went on from sweetheart to sweetheart, breaking their hearts but getting little if any inspiration. It is related that one of them, Louisa Baccara, finding him making love to her sister, threw the poet out the window of "Il Vittoriale," his "Victory" villa at Gardone, fracturing the skull that held the talented brain. This so impressed D'Annunzio that she and her sister are still members of his permanent entourage. Also he wrote her biography in his "Portrait de Louise Baccara."

None of them could inspire him on the Mona Lisa theme as had the wonderful Duse, and from 1911 to 1915 there was an extra severe inspiration famine because his creditors had taken possession of his villa and all its art treasures which had acted as minor inspirations. These difficult years he spent in France, first at Paris then at Arcachon. Again creditors were about to auction off his belongings when something miraculous happened.

The French Government stepped in and paid off his debts but this marvel was overlooked in another event. Just then Perrugia left Paris and was picked up with the lost Mona Lisa in Italy. Were those two things coming together just a coincidence or did a grateful government pay a foreign poet's debts in return for a tip which made possible the recovery of France's lost art treasure?

In a thoughtful article printed in the "A. B. C." Magazine of Paris, M. Chasse reviews the known history of the case and then the following bits of special evidence. One of the first things that put the writer on the scent, he says, was a passage in D'Annunzio's "Per l'Italia degli Italiani," published in 1923. In Chapter 9, which is devoted to the Italian smile, the poet writes:

"Among so many Italian things which I conserve and illustrate in myself, I perpetuate also the Italian smile." Then comes this startling sentence:

"It is in vain that the French should pretend to know the Italian smile because they keep at the Louvre the Mona Lisa which I put back, satisfied and disgusted, as so many know and so many fear to examine closely."

This set M. Chasse hunting through all D'Annunzio's works for more evidence and he found in a French translation of his "Leda and the Swan" the announcement of a new work to be published under the title, "The Man Who Stole the Mona Lisa. A Report." The writer calls attention that this was to be a report, not a novel, in other words, a narrative of fact, not fiction.

M. Dederet, D'Annunzio's distinguished French translator, said that this work, though written, had never been published in any language, due to some sort of pressure which had made its author flounce. More intimate, M. Chasse to another and even more illuminating passage in the biography of the lady who cracked the poet's skull.

Though it was the last of D'Annunzio's works to be translated, "The story of Louisa's life" was never published in the original Italian but only a few copies given in a small circle of friends, possibly due to it being modestly on the heroine's part.

I recall," writes D'Annunzio in his biography, "when the sublime statue of Mona Lisa carried to my retreat the panel wrapped in an old stable cover, but I could not endure and I liberated the white, dappy hands of Mona Lisa, forced to have them always before my eyes for days on end during the metaphysical speculation which the robber proposed it would initiate."

It was brought out that in discussing the English poet, Walter Savage Landor, D'Annunzio had once said:

"Why could not a man, a poet, an artist, fall in love with a dead woman? Is it not a novel, if a real life, One could fall in love with a picture. I know someone, for example, who fell in love with the Mona Lisa, not the woman who has lost all her color but the woman who was Mona Lisa. This man is the one who stole her from the Louvre. Some day I will write of the man who stole the Mona Lisa."

What an obsession Mona Lisa was to the poet is brought out by Guy de Pierrefeu, who relates that D'Annunzio once said to a couple of guests:

"In Italy I know of only two men who have shown the intelligence of genius. The first is Leonardo da Vinci painter, sculptor, architect, mathematician."

"And the second?" the visitor asked.

Shocked that anyone should doubt that the great D'Annunzio was the other, the poet merely looked at him in icy silence.

Now for the motive. Here was a genius with what might be called a Mona Lisa complex." The famous painting brought vividly to his mind the great actress Eleanora Duse whom he had flouted and lost and who he had persuaded himself was a reincarnation of La Joconde. He was in for-

(Continued on Page 20)

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What Our Tonsils Are for Discovered at Last

They Are the Doors in the Throat Through Which the Fighting White Corpuscles of the Blood Kick Out the Bad Germs They Have Arrested In the Sinuses, Explains a Distinguished English Physician

When a Hostile Germ Gets Into the Human Blood, the White Corpuscles Rush On the Invader in a Body to Destroy It and to Rescue the Red Blood Corpuscles. These White Corpuscles Form, in a Way, the Service of Police in the Interior of the Body, and Here in an Imaginative but Strictly Scientific Drawing, Professor Lucien Radaux, of France, Has Shown These "White Police" Attacking a Germ. After Arresting These Germs in the Bony Cavities of the Face, the White Police Throw the Invaders Into the Tonsils to Be Ejected, According to Dr. Griffith's Theory.

A—A View Down a Widely Opened Mouth, Showing the Tonsils at 1, on Both Sides of the Throat Just Behind the Back Edge of the Tongue and at the Upper Part of the Downward Tube of the Throat. At 2 Is the Soft Palate, Back of and Above the Rear Edge of the Tongue.

B—A View of the Bones of the Face, Showing the Hollow Passages or Sinuses in Which Germs Often Collect and Cause Disease. At 1 Are the Two Frontal Sinuses. At 2 on Either Side of the Face Are the Hollow Antrums. At 3 Are the Ethmoid Cells or Sinuses.

C—A Greatly Simplified Drawing of Some of the Lymphatic Tubes in the Tissues of the Face and Neck, to Show How White Corpuscles and Their Germ Captives Get From an Infected Antrum in the Bones of the Cheek to the Tonsils in the Throat, Where the Offending Germs Are Kicked Out. The Antrum Inside the Face Bone is Shown at 1. At 2 Are Some of the More Small Tubes or Lymphatics Connecting the Antrum to One of the Chain of Lymphatic Glands, Shown at 3, Up and Down the Neck. At 4 Is One Tonsil, Also Connected by Lymphatic Tubes With the Same Neck Gland.

A Step in the Examination of the Sinuses for Infection Preliminary to Removal of Secretions for Culture.

Marilyn Miller, the Gifted Ziegfeld Star, Whose Untimely Death Was Caused by a Sinus Infection With Which Her Tonsils Could Not Cope.

WHAT the tonsils are for has been discovered at last by Dr. Ivor Griffiths, nose and throat specialist of the British Post Graduate Medical School, who cautions surgeons to be more wary about removing these supposedly useless nuisances, especially from children.

By an ingenious experiment with India ink injected into the faces of dogs and the study of nearly 5,000 cases of English school children, Dr. Griffiths was able to show that these two spongy pillars at the top of the throat are doors through which the white corpuscles kick out microbes they have arrested inside the hollow bones of the face, somewhat as immigration authorities deport undesirable aliens caught trying to wreck the country.

The white corpuscles are the policemen and G-Men of the body, but just like officers of the law after arresting a suspect, the white corpuscle is not much further use to the community until he has gotten rid of his prisoner. Therefore, all over the body are little police stations, jails and prisons of various sizes, known as lymphatic glands. Sometimes when one of these jails gets overcrowded the prisoners riot, capture and hold the place until the surgeon has to cut out the infected gland.

This happens also in the tonsils which seem to be not only for deportation ports but detention camps for undesirables. When the aliens capture the tonsils the condition is known as tonsillitis.

As when germs take up permanent residence in any other place in the body, this may cause serious ill health. Many kinds of germs do not content themselves with living in the tonsils or other tissues as uninvited guests. They go ahead to manufacture chemical poisons which they pour out into the blood. Cases of rheumatism, arthritis and other conditions of ill health have been traced unmistakably to germ poison factories established in the tonsils or similar places.

Once firmly established in the hundreds of tiny, tortuous passages inside an infected tonsil, a germ population is hard to dislodge. Under the surface of the throat, a tonsil has more or less wide-spreading roots like the giant tubers at the roots of some of the tiny, inconspicuous desert plants. Unless all the germs can be cleaned out of these buried parts of an infected tonsil, it may be impossible to cure the rheumatism or other condition which the germ poisons are causing.

That is why doctors have developed the familiar operation by which such infected tonsils are cut out, taking along every bit of buried root and all the mass of passages in which germs may lurk. There is no doubt that this operation often is necessary and will continue to be so, regardless of Dr. Griffiths' new idea of what tonsils have to do. But throat specialists will no doubt be more cautious in the future about deciding that a pair of tonsils must go, especially if they are the tonsils of a child.

Everything goes to show that children's tonsils are more important and useful than the same organs become later on in life.

Here was one of the cases where the discoverer had the right theory but difficulty in proving it. The white corpuscles go tumbling along with the red ones through the veins and arteries and when one meets a microbe it makes an arrest by wrapping itself around the public enemy.

These policemen do not stick to their regular beats on the broad highways of the blood vessels but, squeezing through the walls, worm their way amongst the stationary cells of the tissues, like a cop, going up dark alleys, trying doors and investigating empty buildings. When a policeman makes an arrest, he can telephone for the station car to relieve him of the burden. The white corpuscle must bring its prisoner in itself but it does have a system of private police highways, the lymphatic ducts dotted with the little jails.

Nature has left some dark, empty lofts inside the bones of the face just the sort of place for microbe prowlers to invade if given a chance. Such danger spots are usually well-guarded and patrolled, so that the rascals are dealt with as soon as they get in. These hollows, known as sinuses and antrums, were not left through careleasness but, apparently to give the facial bones strength without needless weight.

The holes in the face of some fish are solid because, being supported by water, weight is of small consequence. But when other kinds of fish came out and became land animals, many of them with heads on the end of long necks, the matter became important. Bicycles are built of thin steel tubing because a tube is as rigid and almost as strong in many ways as a solid bar of the same size. So nature left a few empty spaces in the bones of the cheeks and forehead. Many people do not know their faces are built that way until they contract sinusitis and antrum trouble.

When this happens it means that the microbes in one of those cavities have gotten the upper hand, beaten the white police and captured the place for themselves. Then it becomes necessary for the nose-and-throat doctor to poke the muzzle of an instrument into the place and to machine-gun them with various squirts. He does not hope to kill them all but to mow down enough so the white corpuscles can rally and, in time, clean out the survivors.

But where do the white policemen take their prisoners? In studying the anatomy of the head, Dr. Griffiths found a lot of lymph tubes leading from the cavities to those supposedly useless tonsils and began to suspect that the tonsils were ports of debarkation through which the germs were kicked out into the throat. This may not seem like getting rid of the enemy at all but it is probably as good a method as there is under the circumstances.

Disease germs, like human crooks, are usually specialists. A counterfeiter does not go in for burglary and an expert forger would not know how to blow the safe even if he were left inside a bank over the week-end. In similar manner a germ that might be dangerous in the sinus probably would be helpless and harmless if dropped down the throat into the stomach.

Confirmation of his suspicions came to Dr. Griffiths in the study of nearly 5,000 school children. He found that those whose tonsils had been removed often had more severe sinus and antrum infections than others and that those without tonsils were harder to cure. There was a theory with considerable corroboration but no real proof.

A sure and simple test would be to place a large crowd of undesirables in one of the cavities and see where the cops took them. The enemies would have to be of a kind that the doctor could easily identify under the microscope at a line-up anywhere in the body. A wholesale injection of germs into one of the hollows might cause such an infection that the entire head of the subject would be involved and therefore the experiment reveal nothing. Dr. Griffiths chose dogs for subjects and instead of germs, India ink.

This ink was picked because it consists of myriads of tiny solid particles of carbon, like minute grains of soot. Although too small to be visible to the naked eye, these granules are plainly visible under the microscope. It also happens that the carbon particles do not harm living tissues so that their injection into the body is entirely safe.

This innocence of carbon seems not to be appreciated by the white corpuscle policeman who arrests a carbon particle anywhere it finds one, apparently on general principles that it has no business loitering around the place.

The experiments were performed at the Rockefeller Brown Research Farm, an institution for scientific research set up on the estate where Charles Darwin lived for many years and perfected his theory of evolution. By careful operations under anaesthesia, a few drops of diluted India ink were injected into some of the facial cavities of the dogs. The tests were a remarkable success, the carbon particles being detected after a few days, first in some of the glands of the neck and then in the tonsils of the dogs. The neck glands, presumably, were local police stations where the prisoners were locked up temporarily on their way to Port Tonsil to be dumped down the dog's throat.

In many of his cases, Dr. Griffiths found tonsilitis accompanying the child's sinus trouble. When he was able to cure the sinus infection, the tonsils also soon quieted down of their own accord. This indicated in his opinion that the tonsilitis was merely the result of overworking and overcrowding the port of debarkation.

If the tonsils would kick the prisoners down the throat as fast as they arrive, it would save them a lot of trouble seemingly. Sometimes it may be shown that one of the tonsil's duties is to detain the germs a while in case the corpuscles have not given them sufficiently rough treatment on their way in, and must lock them up until they are too weak to start trouble even if an opportunity presents itself.

Dr. Griffiths points out that doctors are inclined to take out tonsils for all sorts of reasons such as catarrh, snoring, to prevent infection of the middle ear, to make a child gain weight and even for backward mentality. In the belief that the tonsils were as useless as the appendix, the doctors felt that removal could do no harm and might help. According to Dr. Griffiths' personal conclusions, never helps matters and in many cases aggravates it.

However, the tonsil has never quite been in the appendix class. Science has little doubt of why the appendix was originally evolved and why in human beings today it is as useless as the old whip sockets that were on the first automobiles, but until Dr. Griffiths experiments nobody knew what the tonsils had ever been for in any animal.

In some of the lower animals that live on grass and similar vegetable material, the organ corresponding to the human appendix is a sack of substantial size in which it is believed that partly digested food is mixed with useful bacteria, which then act to break down some of the cellulose fiber of woody materials, like bark or leaf stems, and make this also digestible.

In higher animals, no longer depending on woody foods, this is unnecessary but the remnant of the appendix persists, like the sharp tip or canine tooth that still exists on occasional human ears and like many other relics of the early animals upward into man. No one yet has cast real doubt on the idea of the doctors that the human appendix is useless so long as man's diet is never going back to eating wood.

Since the tonsils become less important as a person grows older, it may be that they too are slowly on their way to become an entirely useless relic of the past. But as long as the human race still suffers from sinus emergencies, they are still valuable life preservers.

They sometimes fail, however, as in the untimely death of Marilyn Miller, the Zingfeld star, whose tonsils were apparently unable to cope with a serious sinus infection.

The upkeep of the empty chambers in the head bones is considerable. Besides the necessity of constant police patrol in ordinary times and the maintenance of the tonsils for time of need, there is a street sweeping department that works day and night. The walls of the cavities are lined with ciliary cells with little hairlike whips which keep in constant motion, whipping particles of dust, mucus and anything else that may fall on them. Each whips the particles along to the next and always in the direction of the one tiny exit into the nose.

These whipper-snappers are of little avail when the hollow chambers are seriously infected because then the chambers fill right up to the roof with blood, pus and other matter. The X-ray reveals this condition and so does an ordinary small electric light placed in the patient's mouth while in a dark room. In health the bone walls of the chambers are so thin that the light shines through them. But when full of blood and germs, they are as opaque as if solid, which most sinus patients wish to high heaven they were.

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Delicious and so easy! Place a package of "Philadelphia" Brand in a small mixing bowl. Add a tablespoonful or less of milk and stir well. Use this whipped, delicious cheese as a topping for gingerbread, baked apples, waffles, pancakes, one-crust fruit pies or tarts. The cream cheese, whipped, may be pressed through a pastry tube if you like.

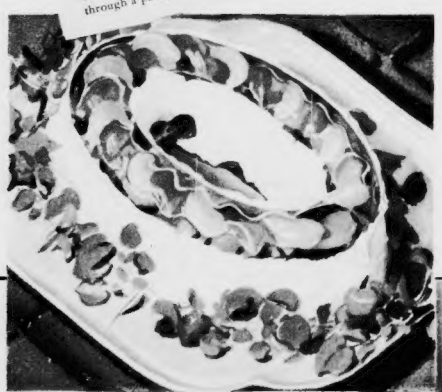
A simple new trick with the cream cheese that's guaranteed fresh!

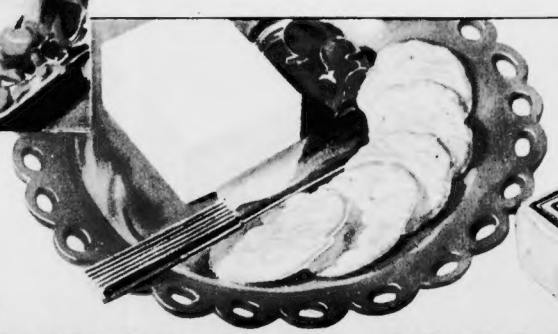
A cheese the color of fresh-ladled cream . . . with a flavor that's both delicate and rich! So soft you can spread it with a knife . . . or, with a fork and a little milk, whip it up like cream for new salads and desserts! It's "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese.

Exquisite freshness . . . that's the secret of "Philadelphia" Brand's marvelous flavor and texture! Kraft makes this famed brand of cream cheese in a spotless plant not more than 24 hours away from every city market in the country! The new-made cheese is shipped daily . . . rushed to grocers in fast trucks. Kraft *guarantees* the freshness of "Philadelphia" Brand.

Have some . . . tomorrow. See how truly wonderful it is. When you buy, look for the name "Philadelphia" on the little silver-foil package! The genuine always bears that famous brand name.

Copr. 1937 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation





MILLIONS USE IT THIS WAY . . . JUST SPREAD ON CRACKERS OR TOAST

Genuine "Philadelphia" Brand is sold only in this silver-foil package

Emerald Ring Dissolve 2 pkgs. lime gelatin in 2½ cups boiling water. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cool. On the bottom of the ring mold, arrange a pattern of orange sections cut in halves. Pour over them a small amount of gelatin and chill until firm. To remaining gelatin add 1 cup halved orange sections and ½ cup chopped celery; pour into mold. Chill until firm and unmold. Soften 2 pkgs. "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk. Spread over sides of mold. Garnish with watercress.

● *Hear the KRAFT RADIO SHOW! Bing Crosby, Bob Burns and famous guest stars. Thursday nights, N.B.C. Stations.*

"PHILADELPHIA" *Brand* CREAM CHEESE

THE WORLD'S FINEST CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

How Your Hands Reveal What You Really Are

Surprisingly Accurate Readings by the Paris Palmists Demonstrated in Experiments With Photographs—Study the Hands on This Page and See if You Can Match Their Score in Interpreting the Character and Talents of Their Owners

Does This Hand Belong to a Professional Man or a Prize-fighter? Is He Nervous or Calm?

Is This Hand Indicative of a Sensitive Nature Because It Is Almost Feminine? Or Is It a Cynic's?

Can You Guess the Profession of the Owner of This Hand? Is His Job Dangerous?

This Palm Gave the Palmist No Trouble at All Because It Was One of the Easiest to Read

PARIS Oct. 29 PALMISTRY has been given a scientific test in this city with some rather remarkable results. The experiments demonstrated that an expert study of hands indicates a person's character, natural talents and personality but gave no evidence that it reveals details of life such as the number of children, marriages etc.

That professional palmists are shrewd judges has always been admitted but since the customer must appear attached to his or her hands and much conversation takes place there has been no way to determine how much the palmist knew by the heat that the [illegible] whose contour [illegible] possession or lack of leadership [illegible] self-control and the shape of the four fingers which are supposed to tell how strong or weak a person's [illegible] affairs. Beginning with the index finger each is assigned [illegible] the person's [illegible] has subjects enough to study.

More significance [illegible] four principal lines of the palm. The first of these is the life line which runs in a wavering semi-circle from the base of the thumb to a point under the index finger. The length of this line palmists believe indicates how long [illegible] Studying the palm of Miss [illegible] her [illegible] successful actress palmists announced that it indicated a quick-witted nature, ready insight and a brilliant wit tinged with irony. All this did the man but the rather [illegible] part of the analysis was their interpretation of a [illegible] they found [illegible] the signs [illegible] Then [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] and the actor suffered [illegible] were the exact opposite [illegible] perseverance. The [illegible] thought they saw [illegible]

Unfortunately [illegible]

If [illegible]

Miss [illegible]

Another Man's Hands With Delicate Lines. What Particular Pastime Would You Guess It Indicates an Interest In?

Not Long Ago the Owner of This Hand Figured in Sporting News and It Failed Its Owner. Can You Guess His Profession?

How Does the Man Whose Hand This Is Earn His Living? Would You Say That He Labors With His Hands or His Mind?

This Is the Hand of a Professional Man. But Can You Tell Whether He Is a Doctor, Lawyer, Writer or Actor?

[illegible] Beginning [illegible] Though [illegible] In other [illegible] And the hand of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Still in KINDERGARTEN about the proper care of his teeth and gums

Billy Shows the Family the Way to a Sparkling Smile!

GUM MASSAGE, as taught and practiced in so many modern schools, is helping thousands of young Americans toward a lifetime of better dental health.

SOFT FOODS as these youngsters can explain, rob gums of natural work. That's why gums sometimes tend to become flabby, sensitive and often flash that warning sign of "pink."

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is a warning —*when you see it, see your dentist!* Usually he will advise more work, more exercise—and, as many dentists suggest, the "beneficial stimulation of Ipana and massage."

RADIANT SMILES—smiles that reveal brilliant, sparkling teeth always win admiration. Let Ipana help your smile! Why not change to Ipana and massage—*today*?

—Thousands of intelligent adults never take care of their gums at all!

Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"... Help guard against becoming a "Dental Cripple." Change to IPANA and Massage Today.

WISE IN THE WAYS of the business world—keen, quick-thinking, successful! And yet his own youngsters, children still in the primary grades, are better informed about the modern care of teeth and gums. Like thousands of other adults—intelligent fathers and mothers—he has yet to discover that his *gums* as well as his *teeth* need constant care.

It's not surprising that children are so well informed. For today in schools all over the nation children are being taught the importance of massage to healthy gums. Thanks to thoughtful teachers, thousands of young Americans are gaining a splendid start toward a lifetime of better dental health.

One reason why our gums need extra care, better care, is found right on our tables.

The foods we eat are soft, creamy, too-well-cooked

[illegible] *that tell-tale sign of pink.*

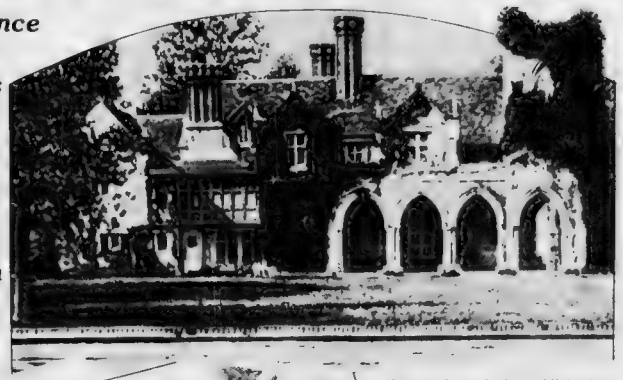
When you see pink on your tooth brush [illegible] Yes, it may be [illegible] but let your dentist decide [illegible] However, his verdict will be against [illegible] work and exercise"—and, as many modern dentists suggest, gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage [illegible] designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation in the gum tissues is aroused—gums gradually gain new firmness, new strength. For this regular use of Ipana and massage help you to have cleaner, more attractive teeth—firmer, healthier gums—and a brighter, more attractive smile!

IPANA *tooth paste*

Last of the Devil-Worshipping Hell Fire Club's Famous Old Temple

Razing of Medmenham Abbey Removes the Once Holy But Profaned Playground of Wicked Lord Dashwood's Titled Band of Blasphemers Who Burlesqued Religion By Turning the Monastery and a Church Into the Devil's Rendezvous



Waterfront View of 500 Year Old Medmenham Abbey, Originally Founded by the Cistercian Order, But Later the Scene of the Hell Fire Club's Indescribable Orgies

Village Church at West Wycombe Where the Evil Band Held Their Sessions. Later They Met in the Huge Ball on the Steeple (Shown at left), and Later still in a Cave Beneath the Edifice

Lord Sandwich, After Whom the Ham and Other Sandwiches Are Named, One of the Founders of the Club

John Wilkes, Member of Parliament and Later Lord Mayor of London, Who Was Expelled From the Hell Fire Club After His Devil Raising Hoax

Entrance to the Stairway Leading to the Globular Temple

WORKMEN [illegible] tear down [illegible] Medmenham Abbey [illegible] dred years ago [illegible] the scene of [illegible] orgies of the Hell Fire Club [illegible] Black Mass [illegible] archbishop [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible] Abbey [illegible] wide [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] Abbey [illegible] of [illegible] Abbey [illegible] Order [illegible] Francis [illegible] Dashwood

[illegible] the members [illegible] Dashwood [illegible] Abbey [illegible] Order [illegible] Francis in honor of Dashwood.

[illegible] the members were [illegible] Wilkes a member of Parliament who later became Lord Mayor of London, Tom Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Oxford, Lord Sandwich and Rev. Charles Churchill being among them.

In the huge room where the Devil worshippers held their services an altar was erected to the Devil. Black glass chalices held the dark red blood of black roosters which mixed with wine, [illegible] the members [illegible] the sacrifice [illegible] a week [illegible] a year.

We [illegible] the [illegible] novices. When a member died one of the novices would be elected to full membership and a new novice could be initiated. The initiation rites were a burlesque of the reception of novices into the various orders of the Catholic Church.

In order to keep the scandal of their sessions from becoming too well known, servants were bundled off the property before the meetings started and all work was done by the novices who cooked, waited on table and otherwise cared for their twelve masters. Chemist wines and the most luxurious of foods were served.

Little is known of the actual ceremonies themselves. The women were rigidly excluded from the chapel, and all members were bound under oath not to reveal the ritual. It is known, however, that the ceremony started with the twenty-four, garbed in monks' robes, reciting the Lord's Prayer backwards. This was in conformance with an old superstition that such a pro- [illegible] effect [illegible] was made by the [illegible] to [illegible] this [illegible] intelligent people of that [illegible] day had a sneaking suspicion that Satan could take an earthly shape at [illegible] he chose.

The decor [illegible] the weird atmosphere created by the bowls [illegible] the smoking altar, the cat [illegible] and the impious chants all [illegible] not was the organization one night when one of the members played a practical joke.

The Earl of Oxford was being initiated and Sir Francis was solemnly praying that the Devil join them when a horrible monster with a horned head suddenly appeared in their midst and grabbed the terrified Earl in its strangely shaped fingers.

Sir Francis and the rest of his Devil Worshippers added their shrieks to those of the Earl, and all made a rush for the door. It was all right to pray to the Devil and to ask him to ap- [illegible] Wilkes had [illegible] the ape in a cage and had [illegible] to get the cage into the chapel without being seen by his fellow members. He had tied a rope to the door of the cage, and in the [illegible] at the appropriate moment released the animal, to the confusion of his fellow members. Some sources state that Wilkes was expelled from the club for this trick, and it is certain that a short time after it, he was denounced by both Dashwood and Sandwich when a poem about women that was too filthy for even their depraved minds, was found among his papers.

Another member of the club was Paul Whitehead, who made a will [illegible] Abbey [illegible] the [illegible] Dashwood [illegible] Abbey [illegible] Dashwood constructed a large cave, a quarter of a mile deep. Near the middle of the cave was a small stream which the members called the River Styx. Beyond was a large vaulted chamber with a great door that could be barred from within, and in this cavern the members of the Hell Fire club could carry on their debauches without interference from the outside [illegible] finally [illegible] down at [illegible] years of history ended.

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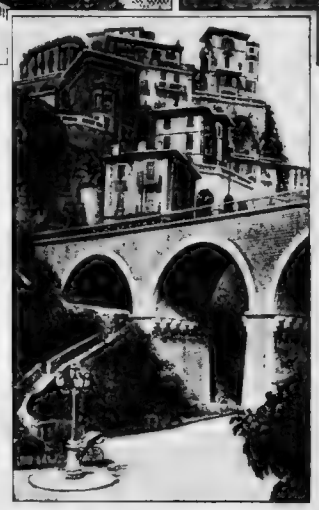
Behind the Scenes

Secrets of the Famous Gambling Den, Tricks of Thievin
Bank," Revenge of Ruined Players, Scandals
Charles de Richter, Former Membe

Eleanora Duse, the Great Italian Actress, Was So Shocked at the Suicide of a Young Girl at Her Side That She Rose from the Table and Never Again Entered a Gambling Casino. Signora Duse Was Haunted the Rest of Her Life by That Scene and Was Said to Have "the Saddest Face in the World." She Could Move People to Tears Just by Looking at Them.

The Terrace in Front of the Casino, Where Many Suicides Take Place at Monte Carlo.

The End of His Dreams of Beating the Gambling Tables.



The Well Known "Suicides' Bridge" at Monte Carlo, Where Ruined Victims of the Casino Tables Hurl Themselves to Destruction.

CHAPTER V.

By BARON CHARLES de RICHTER.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

MANY are the dramatic stories which have been associated with the suicides of despairing men and women who have lost everything at the Monte Carlo gambling tables. It is not surprising that very efficient methods have been devised by the Casino authorities to keep the world in ignorance of the tragic fate of their victims who have ended their lives in despair.

If a suicide's body is found in a place where it has not been seen it is likely to be secretly buried and nothing said. If a broken-hearted gambler who has lost his or her last franc is found dead in a hotel room then the matter goes on the record, but the death is never recorded as having anything to do with the gambling. Into the high-walled secret burying ground the suicide's remains are hustled unless, being a person of some consequence, friends or relatives appear to claim the body.

The startling assertion has been made that Monte Carlo is the one ideal spot for a murderer to select because his crime, instead of being investigated and exposed, will, it has been asserted, be covered up and held a secret by the local authorities. The reason for this, it is pointed out, is the fact that a suicide is damaging to the Casino (if it becomes known), and a murder, at this famous resort brings even worse notoriety if it is revealed.

Thus a murder, it was explained, committed in Monte Carlo, if brought to the notice of the police authorities, is likely to be catalogued as a suicide and the body buried secretly in the "Suicides' Cemetery"—and the murderer may feel perfect security from any consequences.

But the ever present secret police are next always quick enough to prevent a suicide. Mr. Edward C. Hennequin, who lived at Monte Carlo five years, tells this incident:

"Recently a man having admission to the exclusive Sporting Club played night after night, losing heavily. One night he walked up to the table and said:

"'Gentlemen, this is the last 1,000-franc note I have in the world—if that goes I go with it into oblivion.'

"He flung the 1,000-franc note on red," says Hennequin, "and black turned up, and the money was swept away by the croupier's long rake. The next instant he whipped out a revolver, and, placing the muzzle to his face, blew the top of his head off, falling across the table around which were seated ladies in evening dress, who were splashed with the blood of the victim. In fact, within a few seconds the place resembled a shambles, and a new cloth had to be provided before the play could proceed."

I remember one night at the Casino, I watched a Russian colonel gambling, losing one stake after another. His rapidly increasing attitude of wretchedness struck me as ominous. And then I saw standing behind him a man who looked like any ordinary tourist. Only I happened to know that he was one of the secret police in the Casino whose special function it was to watch just such cases. This man said nothing, but he hovered persistently around the Russian.

I know what this meant. The Russian had been reported as a possible suicide and the guardian will later come about him to step in when needed. It was not to prevent the man from killing himself but to prevent a scandal and publicity.

Two days later as I was walking through the gardens of the Casino, I saw the Russian again. He was sitting on a bench forlorn and miserable. Anyone could have guessed his state of mind. And nearby hovered the figure of the police spy. The next day upon opening the paper, I read that a man had shot himself, and from the description, there was no possible doubt that it was my Russian. After the post-mortem examination, the doctors gave out that "the man had shot himself because he was suffering from an incurable disease."

Had that disease been diagnosed as "gambling" or "sudden ruin," it would have been the truth. But there must never be mention of "suicide through losses at the gambling tables." Always some other reason is given.

A stranger who looked like a modest American business man arrived in Monte Carlo one day. He spoke no French and never said a word to any one at his hotel where he spent only a few hours a day. He divided his time between a few hours of sleep and many hours of watching the little ball jump around the roulette wheel at the Casino.

And then, two weeks following his arrival his body was found hanging by a sheet attached to a steam pipe in a small room in his hotel. He had been dead about twenty hours when the police arrived. He had attached the sheet to the steam pipe, had stood on a chair and then kicked it away. When his body was found he had only thirty cents in his pocket and he owed a week's rent at the hotel. He turned out to be Harry U. Biggs, of Cincinnati. His grand hopes of making a fortune had swiftly melted. But nothing in the report of his suicide suggested that it was the result of his loss at the Casino gambling tables.

During the many years I remained in the Principality, I have seen dozen of suicides. In many cases, I knew the men and women personally. They were cheerful and in excellent health. And what led them to suicide was without doubt an "incurable disease," only not the kind the Casino authorities wished to have known.

It was Camille Blanc, whose genius made Monte Carlo, who started the hushing up of suicides. He was the son of Francois Blanc, the owner of a highly successful Casino at Hamburg, Germany, who bought the Monaco concession in 1863 for 125,000,000 francs (over $8,000,000) after several people had failed to make money there.

During the time his son Camille Blanc directed the destinies of the Casino, people used to say:

"You can play on the red or on the black or both, but it's always white (blanc) who wins."

When one in shot himself on the Terrace of the Casino or in the gardens the guards who were always on the lookout, stepped in to do their bit. It was easy and it was philanthropic: they slipped $15 into the pockets of the suicide.

The next day, the readers of the newspapers would learn that "gambling could in no way be held responsible for the death, as the man had money in his pockets." And the explanation of the "incurable disease" was set forth.

It was Raoul Gunsbourg, the Director of the Monte Carlo Opera, himself the author of two operas, "Ivan the Terrible" and "The Old Eagle," in writing which he claims that God collaborated with him, who told me the story about a man he knew who decided the suicide "racket" offered an excellent source of income. He probably did not use the word "racket," for in those days French people had never heard of racketeers, but the result was the same.

Taking a theatrical property pistol, he stepped out on the Terrace and gave a magnificent display of the last act of "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life." I expect my American readers have heard of this melodrama. Having satisfied himself that the secret police were hovering about, he howled a terrifying good-bye to life, fired the pistol straight at his heart, taking good care that it did not singe his coat, and fell down on the gravel. A few kicks, a few moans and he lay still. A few seconds passed and what he hoped happened: one of the detectives opened his coat, slipped in a purse and then rushed away to raise the alarm.

Having no desire to be taken to the morgue, the "suicide" jumped up quickly and disappeared. The astonishment of the police can well be imagined and hunt as they did, they could not find the body which had disappeared mysteriously.

The following day, an angry man stalked into the office of the Special Commissioner.

"Look here," he said. "That's what I call a dirty trick. I shot myself yesterday on the Terrace and what did your guards do? Instead of putting the usual $15 in my pocket, there was only $3. Now let me make this clear. I don't mind being dead for $15, but not for a measly $3. We'll say that I shot myself, and missed. But all the same, your men are a dirty bunch of thieves."

There is another thing which surprises not only newcomers to the Principality but also those who have lived there for a long time, and that is the secrecy which surrounds all the suicides in the Casino itself. As a matter of fact, one of the pet arguments advanced by the authorities is: "Why mention suicides? Nobody's ever seen one."

And that is largely true. And there is a reason which very few people ever discover. I only stumbled on the well guarded secret quite by accident, although I was an employe of the management, and on rather confidential terms. This is how it happened:

It was one Summer in the booming days of wealth and opulence, when I remember I made the acquaintance of Mr. Drexel, the American millionaire, at Deauville, a man who later became a good friend of mine and whom I saw a great deal at Monte Carlo. After a few fatiguing months of constant fetes and gala nights at the northern seaside resort, on my way home to Monte Carlo I had an accident and cut my leg quite seriously. Instead of attending to it, I preferred to go to the Casino, as there were many friends there, but I mentioned the accident to Jeanette Bonafide, my secretary. It was at her suggestion that I decided to hunt up the Casino infirmary and get first aid there.

Upon inquiry, I was told that its entrance was in the "kitchen." My cut attended to, I slipped a coin to the nurse and was retreating through the door by which I had entered. But he winked at me.

"Oh," he said, "don't lose your time going around by that way. This is quicker. Pass here."

He pressed a button and I stepped out.

Before me were people playing roulette at the tables. Behind me were unbroken walls of mirrors. I was in the heart of the gambling salons, and no matter how much I examined the mirrored wall behind, I could detect no cracks, no hinges, not a button to press on. I was amazed and puzzled. So I decided to make friends with that nurse in order to get to the bottom of the mystery of those hidden doors and infirmaries in the walls of the gambling rooms. He finally showed me the imperceptible button, hidden under one of the metal bars holding the mirrors, a simple pressure on which opened the hidden door.

"But what's the use of it?" I asked him. "Are

at Monte Carlo

g Croupiers, Daring Schemes to "Break the and Suicides Revealed by Baron er of the Casino Staff

The High Masonry Wall Which Shuts Out the View of the Secret Burials in the Famous "Suicides' Graveyard" at Monte Carlo.

"Barely had the white tablet passed down her throat when four powerful hands seized her and before she could utter a word, she found herself in the first-aid room behind one of the invisible doors. In spite of her loud protests and indignation she was forced to swallow an emetic.

"'Malheureuse!' the detective exclaimed with compassion, 'what ever prompted you to take that poison?'

"The victim, who was an Englishwoman, covered him with a glance full of scorn and indignation.

"'You stupid ass,' she finally managed to cough out. 'I beg your pardon! It was aspirin.'"

The Celebrated Japanese Screen Star, Sessue Hayakawa, Whose Sudden Disappearance from Monte Carlo Stirred a Suicide Scare, But the Actor Eventually Turned Up Safe and Sound in His Own Country.

he authorities playing a game of haunted astles"

The nurse was a typical Monaco inabitant short and stocky. He grinned nd winked

"What about those who shoot themelves, he said. "Do you imagine we ould dispose of them as quickly as we o if those doors didn't exist"

"So there are others"" I asked

"Sure People don't always select this articular room for suicide

So that explained what had always uzzled me so, and as time went on I was ble to check up on the truth of the nurse's tatement

First I decided to locate every one of he secret doors and to find out how they pened This I was able to accomplish y striking up friendships with the croupiers money changers and the bar-men. ome months later I knew nearly every er with its system, for each has some different ay to open it. Some had a button to press thers had some knob that needed to be given a artic ular turn, sometimes a catch had to be slid long But always and everywhere, the door was here

I can say without any exaggeration that the ack walls of the Casino, whether those which are overed with mahogany and brass, as in the rivate," or with mirrors as in the "kitchen," are terally honeycombed with mysterious rooms, in hich men are lurking

I remember one day, Winston Churchill, the British statesman, remarking after having gayly hrown down his chips and lost them quickly

"Ah! If these walls could only speak!"

I could have told him that the walls themselves ould not speak, but behind them lay a world of uman tragedies. When all is well, those secret ooms are occupied by nurses, doctors, inspectors erks, all bent on their daily jobs. But when here is trouble—a row, a suicide the mysterious ooms show their utility

Not every ruined gambler at the Casino tables ills himself some go stark crazy.

Arthur de Courcey Bower, a quiet Englishman, won $1,300,000 at "Monte" in a single season, but fterwards lost it all and went mad

Bower, who was a professional accountant and fine mathematician, found himself penniless fter the war and made a desperate effort to save himself from poverty by inventing a scientific system of "breaking the bank" at Monte Carlo.

He persuaded three men—an English banker, a eer and a race-horse owner—to furnish the capital and join with him in playing his system. One ight they started their campaign. Bower always ade the first play, and the others followed him. or three hours they lost steadily. The comanions of Bower became alarmed and withdrew or a conference with him

They returned to the tables and began to play gain. This time they won steadily. Within half n hour the croupiers at four tables ran out of oney. Play stopped in the entire room. The "chief of games" was summoned Accompanied by attendants in uniforms of red and gold, he went to the subterranean steel vaults beneath the Casino They marched back carrying trays heaped with gold and bank notes, and play was resumed.

Twice again that night Bower and his associates "broke the bank." Bower carried away $375,000 as his share of the night's play

Night after night he played, always winning Then one night he put down 10,000 francs at random on No. 27, to put watchers off the scent and prevent them from discovering his "system." It won and paid him 35 to 1

He was shocked at this evidence of his sheer luck, and began to doubt the value of his system. He went away and did not return until next season. Then he lost steadily until he was penniless. Then, it is said, he became insane, which is what I should expect to happen after his experience

One day, I was witness to a very typical, although I must say, rare incident. A foreigner, I think he was a Pole, enraged at having lost, pulled a pistol from his pocket and instead of shooting himself, started to pepper the chief inspector

This, as the English would say, "simply isn't cricket" The people around did not even have the time to think this. Barely three reports had rung out when two men were upon him. I heard one or two muffled cries and before anybody could understand just exactly what had happened, the Pole was gone; he had been whisked away. Of all those present, I was the only one to know that one of the hidden doors among the mirrors on the side of the room had served its purpose once again.

This reminds me of another incident, which took place in one of the salons. Some woman, who was playing heavy stakes and losing steadily, suddenly stopped as another pile of her chips was being raked in by the croupier, threw up her arms in a gesture of despair, and then started fumbling in her bag. She finally found what she was looking for. It was a white tablet, and she swallowed it without a moment's hesitation

Barely had it passed down her throat, when four powerful hands seized her and before she could utter a word, she found herself in the first-aid room behind one of the invisible doors In spite of her loud protests and indignation, she was forced to swallow an emetic It was only when it had brought on the desired effect, that the inspector consented to discuss the matter with the lady

"Malheureuse he exclaimed with compassion "whatever prompted you to take that poison'

The victim, who was an Englishwoman, covered him with a glance full of scorn and indignation

"You stupid ass," she finally managed to cough out. "I beg your pardon' It was aspirin"

The story spread throughout the Casino and since then, if anybody has a headache, the usual procedure is to go to the bar and ask Maurice, the barman, to give you a tablet with a cup of tea. It is the only sure way of keeping it down in your stomach

That gambling endangers virtue has been proved again and again. As a matter of fact, I think one of the greatest indictments against gaming is that it has led to dishonor so many previously virtuous women

One gets at every Casino a class of man whose only claim to manhood lies in his sex. These scoundrels, usually wealthy, frequent the rooms, not so much to gamble as to prey hawk-like on foolish women who have lost heavily at the tables. Fat, coarse, sensuous-looking, these human spiders stand round the tables on the lookout for young and pretty women who have the gambling fever on them and who, their moral stability undermined by the lure of the gaming tables, fall easy victims to these wealthy libertines.

This is a side of Casino life over which the directors have no control. It is a dangerous undercurrent which does the Casino a great deal of damage, yet which cannot be excluded from the portals. How often have I watched the activities of these wealthy seducers—impotently, my blood boiling, yet quite powerless to raise a hand to save their victims from moral ruination.

An incident occurred which is an instance of what I mean. A very pretty French girl had been losing every day for a week at one of the tables and each day the croupier could see that the strain of her losses was telling more and more on her

"That foolish little woman will do something desperate he said to himself He had suicide in his mind but she fell to a worse fate than this

One evening when she was down to her last thousand francs he noticed a tall, thin, emaciated man looking at her with an unmistakable gleam in his eye Presently he managed to secure a seat next to her and taking a bundle of banknotes from his pocket, laid them in front of him The psychological effect of this was at once evident, and the little Frenchwoman's eyes glinted enviously towards them

Presently she staked her last note and lost. Just as she was about to leave the table the tall man next to her tore the bundle of notes in front of him in half and pushed them towards her. Would she take them? For a moment she sat undecided, her eyes lowered—then, apparently coming to a decision, she peeled two notes from the bundle and pushed them on to the color she fancied at the same time smiling coquettishly at the man by her side. The croupier groaned inwardly as the two left the table in friendly chat a little later.

Amongst the heaviest gamblers who have become notorious in many of the French Casinos quite half have been women. Once a woman is seized by the gambling lust, nothing short of complete penury or death will ever restrain her from frequenting the tables. How many thousands of women I have seen sitting hour after hour at the edge of the green cloth, haggard and worn-looking, but still with the uncanny light in their eye which denotes that they are possessed of a devil—the Devil of Gaming.

Of the two sexes women are by far the more optimistic of winning. I have seen young girls just out sit and play, and play, and play until they have either lost all their money, or cannot squeeze any more out of indulgent parents or husbands to gamble on the tables.

There used to be a girl who came every year to the hectic season at Deauville. She would come into the rooms directly after dinner, an excited

Continued on Page 20.

Friend to the King

by Robert Neal Leath

A Strip-Tease Dancer With Very Moral Ideas Meets a Monarch Who Never Had Any Fun---With Some Unusual and Interesting Results

Butch Had Started Dreaming of Someone Exactly Like Daisy Mae, When He Was Twelve.

CHAPTER I.
Chicken a la King

THE dinner ticketed Viscount Frankie [illegible] waved by the servitor who carried his plate [illegible] look at the [illegible] was named Butch.

"Now what's Frankie said [illegible] probably was [illegible] The wild eye [illegible] gait. The violent [illegible] mouth.

[illegible] in the middle of [illegible] bedroom in [illegible] could have been [illegible] knocking any of [illegible] off the walls.

"All my life I been [illegible] and I till now I take [illegible] squawks whatsoever [illegible] that not a fact?"

[illegible] physician to the [illegible] said Sir [illegible] make a state out [illegible] Number One pi[illegible] I am not every[illegible] right or [illegible]

[illegible] Butch h[illegible] [illegible]graph a new [illegible] Frances [illegible] [illegible]

We [illegible] Butch.

[illegible] Jimmy Frazer.

[illegible] poisonous Butch [illegible]

[illegible] Who is [illegible]

[illegible] If the Harpsi[illegible] [illegible] as of 1937 com[illegible] with underslung jaw [illegible] a fat liver and no waist[illegible] [illegible] now," he added bit[illegible] [illegible] the reasons of [illegible] that I never [illegible] with the [illegible]

[illegible] Frankie gasped.

"[illegible] is I have got to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

His Voice has Made a Million Feet of Film!

Wallace Beery

M-G-M star, tells how the throat strain of "tough" roles has led him to smoke Luckies for 10 years...

1. "STOPPING GUN-PLAY just by the sheer power of my voice," says Wallace Beery, "is one of the tough jobs I'm handed in my new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, 'Bad Man of Brimstone'. Making this one scene meant that I was roaring like the Lion of Bashan for two solid days. Well, you know that

2. "NO MATTER HOW TOUGH a man is, he's got to think of his throat. And that brings me to the subject of Luckies." (This same thought has brought millions of smokers to Luckies, Mr. Beery, because the exclusive "Toasting" process expels certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest!)

3. "I'VE BEEN SMOKING LUCKIES for over ten years now. I rate them one of my real pleasures, right along with flying my own plane or fishing those Sierra streams. Yes, the flavor of the tobacco in Luckies suits my taste to a 'T'. But at the same time, my chief reason for preferring them is . . . my throat!

4. "I'VE MADE 110 PICTURES—about a million feet of film . . . But no matter how hard my throat has been working, it always welcomes a Lucky. Many people on the M-G-M lot, like Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford, say the same. From all I can gather, Luckies are gentler on everybody's throat."

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

It's Luckies 2 to 1

SURELY, men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco are the best judges of tobacco quality.

And now, sworn records available for your inspection show that, among independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has two-to-one as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined!

This is the verdict of tobacco auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—not connected with any cigarette manufacturer—the honest judgment of those who know tobacco best.

it's Luckies 2 to 1

The American Tobacco Co.

LUCKIES are a light smoke...easy on your throat..."It's Toasted"

Friend to the King

by Robert Neal Leatin

(Continued from Page 16)

Suits! Daisy Mae Said 'I'm Going to Give You Three Head Inna the Works! And I'm Not Buying from Woldavia One Inch!'

CHAPTER II
Yacht Cha-Cha!

KALMAS

Millions Thrilled By New Beauty Amazing Shampoo Gives To Hair

NOT A SOAP—NOT AN OIL
There is no Milder, Safer, More Beautifying Shampoo in All the World

START ENJOYING
STOP DOUBTING
YOU ALSO WILL RECOMMEND

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

(Continued on Page 22)

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Armour's Meal of the Month

WITH ARMOUR'S STAR

PORK SAUSAGE and French Toast

... A MOST APPETIZING COMBINATION – *Try It!*

MENU

Star Pure Pork Sausages
French Toast Sandwiches with Pineapple-Apricot Filling
Buttered Peas
Peach and Cottage Cheese Salad
Apple Dumplings Hard Sauce
Coffee

When You Pay For

PORK SAUSAGE

Be sure you get

ALL PORK

WARNING! Not all sausage is all pork. Some is a mixture of pork and cereal, and the price you pay is often the same! Armour's Star Pork Sausage is all pork—every morsel of it. Choice bits of pork and nothing else. That's what the label says; that's what Star Pork Sausage is.

How to Prepare

You'll get best results if you cook Pure Pork Sausages this way: Use a pound of Armour's Star Pork Sausages for six people. Prick each sausage with a fork, then place them on a broiler rack four inches under a moderately high flame. Broil them for ten to twelve minutes, turning them once . . . and you'll have the grandest pork sausage you ever served.

For the French Toast Sandwiches, use six slices of day-old bread. Take off the crusts and cut each slice in two, diagonally. Add 1½ cups of diluted evaporated milk and ½ teaspoon of salt to 2 eggs, beaten slightly. Dip the bread in the liquid, drain slightly, and pan fry slowly until crisp and brown. Put two slices of bread together with a thick spread of your favorite tart jam between them.

Armour's $100,000 Sausage-Making Secret gives this meal its grand distinction

● We can't disclose all the details of Armour's way of making Star Pork Sausage, because we have spent a fortune in developing this secret formula. But we want you to know this: Armour makes Star Pure Pork Sausage of selected pork cuts—and nothing but pork. It contains no adulterants. The proportion of fat to lean is just right for a perfect frying, juicy, tantalizing sausage. The rare imported spices used are ground so fine, blended so thoroughly that you can't see them. The flavor is always the same—always delightful. The fresh-made sausage is rushed to your dealer in refrigerated cars and trucks, so it will always be fresh when you buy it. One of Armour's many modern and immaculate sausage kitchens is located near your dealer to insure this speedy service.

You'll want to risk no other sausage when you prepare this Meal of the Month, or any other meal. Ask your favorite meat market for ARMOUR'S STAR PORK SAUSAGE (ALL PORK).

A NEW WAY TO BUY HAM

No Waste . . . You Only Pay For What You Eat

Now the most thrift-minded family can enjoy truly fine ham! Now Armour's Star Ham comes Ready-*Sliced*. It's the highest quality ham that *money* can buy . . . yet it actually gives you amazing savings over ordinary ham costs.

We've taken the full-flavored heart of Armour's Star Ham . . . sliced it into thin slices . . . packed two slices to a wrapper, all ready to broil, fry, or bake in casserole. Armour's Star Sliced Ham is rich, tangy, appetizing in scores of meals. And here's the important news . . . *there is not a single ounce of bone or excess fat or rind on any slice!* When you buy Armour's Star Sliced Ham, you only pay for what you eat. You get *all* ham with no costly waste to throw away. Of course it saves you money.

Friends Say I Look 10 Years Younger Since Using Skin Lovelier Vo

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Send me a free package Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay. Also Cosmo ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

Behind the Scenes at Monte Carlo

By Baron Charles de Richter

(Continued from Double Page)

look on her face, and clasping a handful of ivory counters, each denoting a thousand francs, which she had just purchased at the cashier for banknotes. She would then take a seat at one of the tables and sit there until well after midnight, sometimes winning, more often losing.

What aroused my interest was that she was always alone, never spoke to anybody. Again, her clear English beauty seemed so out of place in the brightly lit, but not stupefying atmosphere of the Casino. Intrigued, I made a point of scrutinizing the form she had to fill in as she entered the Casino to bore the name of a titled Englishwoman, the younger daughter of a Duke. She is now married, but I will not reveal her name in view of what I have to relate.

One night, she had an amazing run of luck. Gradually her winnings increased until the pile of plaques in front of her was a substantial one at the cashier for over two hundred thousand francs.

It was now midnight, the usual time for her departure, but so rapid away was she by her exceptional luck that she disregarded time and continued to play her stakes.

As she was picking up her winnings after her number had come up again, a great fat German placed his hand over hers and said, insolently,

"Madame, you made a mistake. These winnings are mine."

At once a commotion took place. The rest of the players, no doubt envious of the little English girl's luck, ranged themselves on the side of the German. Waiting until the babel of voices died down the alert croupier said quietly:

"The stake was Madame's."

The German protested, however, and even went so far as to wrest the counters from the girl's hand and put them in his pocket. Pressing an electric button, by his side the croupier summoned two detectives and told them what had happened. The girl and the German were at once requested to step aside and it was intimated to the man that if he did not hand the lady her stake, well, it would be unfortunate for Monsieur!

After some argument the German threw the counters from his pocket and threw them into the face of the girl. Hardly had he done so than an Englishman who had been standing apart watching the scene, sprang toward the German and, taking him by the coat collar, dealt him a blow on the chin which levelled him with the ground. He was at once carried out of the rooms, as the girl thanking her rescuer returned to the tables amusing, we do so she and her now staunch friend her thanks to the croupier for standing by her when she papers were against her.

This incident had a notable denouement. The young Englishman and the girl became engaged and soon husband and wife. I suspected that pretty young Englishwoman is among the few who braved so to bless the gaming rooms for they procured for her a so attractive husband.

I remember at one of the tables one night was a pert little French woman, who haunt only about 10,000 francs plenty she got up from the tas and pulling a small revolver from her bosom, of her dress shot herself through the heart. Hardly was the shot echoed away, howes than two police picked up th woman a bleeding body and hu spirited her out of the Salle in one of the secret ante-rooms. The incident happened and th woman's body had disappeare inside fifteen seconds, and on the people at that table was cognizant of the tragedy. Although the shot was heard a over the Salle, only a few ha witnessed the shooting. It wa so swiftly done that it had no time to impress itself sufficiently on the minds of the other play ers to do any harm. In fact some of them thought that it was a trick their eyes had played on them.

On another occasion a man took poison while sitting at one of the baccarat tables. As he collapsed he was lifted from his seat and carried out at once, already dead. To restore confidence, however, one of the commissaires said in a loud voice:

"Do not disturb yourselves, Mesdames and Messieurs, he has only fainted through winning a lot of money," and the commissaire waved a bundle of notes in the air. As a matter of fact, he had lost over a hundred thousand francs.

Even as the gambling has led countless women to destruction, so has it in some cases cured them of their passion for the green cloth. One of the most famous cases of this was that of Signora Eleanora Duse, the famous Italian tragedienne. She was for years a slave of the Goddess of Chance, and one of the best known habitues of the Monte Carlo Casino.

Suddenly one day she got up from the roulette table in the Salle Privee where she was playing and with a dramatic gesture raised her hand in the air and swore never to gamble again. A titter of skepticism went round the rest of the players at that resolve. She had been losing steadily every night for a fortnight and not in small sums either. Some evenings she would leave on the table as much as seventy or eighty thousand francs.

One night about eleven o'clock an incident occurred which led to her leaving the tables forever, strangely enough, it was quite unconnected with her personality. Sitting near her was a very beautiful Italian girl who had been plunging furiously with the gaming but well on her. Now and then Signora Duse had murmured: "Steady child do not be so rash." To which admonitions the girl paid little or no attention. Immediately after a very dramatic coup the girl went deathly white, stopped something into her mouth and collapsed on the floor just as her husband reached the table. A tragic scene that followed which affected deeply the great Italian tragedienne. As the girl was carried away another foolish woman given her death blow by the Goddess of Chance. Signora Duse gathered up the plaques in front of her and made the dramatic resolution I have related above.

Soon afterwards she walked out of the Casino never to enter it again, saddened and as she herself said afterwards, haunted by the violent death of that young Italian girl one moment full of youth and the joy of living and the next the murdered victim of the spinning roulette wheel.

The actress never got over the shock of that scene at the gambling table and was said to have the saddest face in the world. She [illegible] years [illegible] [illegible]

It was After Sarah [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"Something new! Aren't they beautiful?"

BARGAINS in beauty! Here they are . . . in the new Armstrong's Quaker Rugs for fall. Patterns that are prettier. Colorings that are richer. Surfaces that resist wear longer . . . and are easier to keep clean. And prices you can't resist! All because Armstrong's exclusive methods of manufacture make such values possible.

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EXTRA-LARGE SIZES up to 11'6 x 12 and 11'6 x 15 feet. Exclusive with Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. To cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered in 2-, 3-, and 3½-yard widths. Armstrong Cork Products Company, Floor Division, 3711 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Lovely Shaded Tile, No. 4629. The rich colors of this Quaker Rug are blended harmoniously by the exclusive Armstrong Mellow Tone method.

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FREE HOROSCOPE BOOK

New! Novel! Fascinating! It gives your horoscope, and explains how the stars under which you were born influence your personality. Contains color pages of suggestions for beautifying your rooms at small cost. Offered free in stores that sell Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. Ask for your copy.

AND JUST THINK, ONLY A LITTLE MONEY FOR THESE EXCLUSIVE FALL PATTERNS IN LONG-LASTING, EASY-TO-CLEAN ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS!

Exclusive! Mellow Tone Marble Pattern No. 4655. New richness attained by Armstrong in low-cost Quaker Rugs.

ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

HEALTH WANTED

A message to men and women who want to regain intestinal health...and youthful regularity

"P[illegible] Sufferers from habitual constipation do not often know that [illegible] Sufferers from constipation usually have intestinal muscles that have "gone soft." In civilized life, we get too little exercise—eat rich, over refined food. Result—our intestinal muscles generally become weak and flabby. Saraka helps correct that condition. Saraka gives intestinal muscles the exercise they need—restored exercise.

The principal ingredient in Saraka is bassorit (sap of a tree found in India) in the form of tiny granules. After passing into the intestines, these granules absorb water. Gradually they expand. They turn into soft, smooth BULK.

This extra bulk is the secret of Saraka's "exercising action". It encourages the lazy intestinal muscles to get busy. It gives them something to exercise on—encourages them to do their duty. The results are not violent or purgative. There is no embarrassing [illegible] reminding me that I have taken a laxative".

In addition to bulk producing bassorit, Saraka contains specially prepared cortex frangulæ (bark of a European shrub) which mildly stimulates the intestines to keep waste products in motion. So you have Bulk Plus Motility.*

HOW TO USE SARAKA

You will find this laxative very pleasant to take. The tiny granules are easily swallowed with water. Usually it is not necessary to increase the dose. In fact, since Saraka tends to strengthen intestinal muscles, many users find that the quantity can be gradually cut down.

The coupon below will bring you a free trial size tin of Saraka. While you are waiting for it to arrive, we suggest that you ask your family physician for his opinion of this laxative—and be guided by his advice. Mail coupon today.

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AVOID IMITATIONS—MAKE SURE YOU GET GENUINE SARAKA

Soothes and Improves Blotchy Skin

Are you unpopular and miserable because of sore, itchy, unsightly pimples, externally caused? Try Resinol Soap and Ointment before giving up hope of relief from Resinol has continued to aid discouraged seekers of clear skin common skin outbreaks. It soothes the irritated oil ducts where most surface pimples start and helps nature heal them.

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WILDROOT Hair Tonic WITH OIL the 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

Announcing WILDROOT HAIR TONIC *with Oil*

BETTER LOOKING HAIR IN HALF A MINUTE!

1 QUICK EASY GROOMING... At last! The time tested Wildroot Hair Tonic formula *plus* pure vegetable oil that relieves dry scalp and keeps hair neatly smartly in place without that unpopular slicked down look.

2 REMOVES UGLY DANDRUFF... Massaged into the scalp, Wildroot Hair Tonic with Oil removes unsightly dandruff scales. One simple application helps to keep dandruff from coming back.

3 HELPS CHECK PREMATURE BALDNESS... Removes dandruff crust which acts as protective covering for micro organisms that cause seborrhoeic eczema, common scalp infection blamed for 70 to 80% of scalp hair loss.

Get Wildroot Hair Tonic today! With Oil or Regular... at drug counters and barbers everywhere.

WILDROOT *with* OIL *the 3 action hair tonic*

Friend to the King by Robert Neal Leath

(Continued from Page 18)

can take it. He stood vertically in the water

Why—

"Nobody ever speaks to me like this before. That's why," Daisy Mae said, uncertainly. "Like a poem sort of with rhythm in it."

Daisy Mae—

She said "Yes?"

"Daisy. Do you love me?"

Now, no matter whether a girl happens to be thinking about a sandwich, the overdue payment on her fur coat, or that run in her new stockings at the slightest mention of the word love she will drop all other mental activities and give the unfortunate lover the benefit of [illegible] attention.

In fact, the word love will one hundred per cent make any girl pause long enough to ask herself, is this not the old business or does he mean it on the level and he has been hanging around for some time now but what does he look like, really?

Suddenly Daisy Mae felt full of confusion, because Butch's voice certainly did sound on the level. And for a long time, secretly, she had been thinking about a piece of land not very big maybe one acre, with sun on it and a fence around it, and a smallish white house in the middle with a white porch all around the house and babies and dogs and grapes and things growing on the land and aside the porch and growing within the house.

She knew exactly how she wanted the house built. And, of course, she understood that some mug or another had to be involved in these plans nature being what it is. But abruptly, Daisy Mae remembered that this particular mug was a king who, consequently, couldn't mean anything like business.

So she said, in the hearty way you do say things when they don't come out of your heart when, perhaps, something could have touched you where you live but you wouldn't let it. "But the lasting of course I love you. I love everybody."

"You know what I mean!" Butch said quietly. "I mean do you love me special?"

Daisy Mae shook the Mediterranean off her distracting nose and took a deep breath.

"Not exactly," she said.

Butch took a deep breath too and not quite everything.

"I'm listening, darling."

Daisy Mae hurried so that she might get it out before her courage or heart or voice slipped her tongue. "Little Dead [illegible] courage for nations," she announced. "Not for a person who can't sell our bankers who can't bank nor for—

I get it," Butch said [illegible] I'm a king but three other guys run my country."

CHAPTER III.
Three Orders of Spinach.

DAISY MAE had discovered a lot [illegible] the past few [illegible] the company so [illegible] Wolfavian chorus girls she'd [illegible] she inquired. "Don't they?" But she added, "Let's skip all that and I'm sure you'll be delighted because plenty of other girls would love a king fine."

"Yes," Butch said. "But they aren't you. And I'm not too bright, but I do know this much. No guy, and especially a king, ever feels sure a girl loves him for himself alone till she has got him hog tied where she wants him. In other words married, when he cannot just walk out and stop paying the rent. If a [illegible] prove it any other way."

"Don't be silly," Daisy Mae said. "You can't mean—"

I can mean," Butch roped in a fat way, "that just now I was making you an offer of, er, holy matrimony."

"G-lung," somebody said but this was only Radionian Kamnas, offering his contribution to the wide open [illegible] astonishment shoved him beneath the surface.

Thereafter using all the craft he had learned in the Y. M. C. A. pool, Kalmas swam underwater as rapidly and well as he could and came up only when his lungs were ready to pop and his head clunked against the painted steel plates of the King.

His report to Sir Frederick Jones-Jones, hurled Government House Wolfavia into such an unprecedented uproar that by the time Butch had delivered Daisy Mae to her stateroom door, Kalmas already had received orders.

"Good night, Butchie," Daisy Mae said dropping seawater into the thick carpet and uneasily peeling her cap off.

Butch said "Good night, Daisy Mae," and began dejectedly to turn because he had willfully reached for her and she'd hastily retreated and got the door latched when a padded leaden object hit the back of his head and he was standing as stiff thing went black to sit down right there in his wet trunks.

That night and the next night and for two days Daisy Mae burned. With Petunia and Pansy covered she was confined within their suite and served by a huge strange Chinese who peered [illegible] like a [illegible] at [illegible] attack. Petunia teeth.

In fact when Petunia attacked with a [illegible] Daisy Mae [illegible] Petunia [illegible] ing later would be engraved [illegible] lockers only by four turkey-breast sandwiches composite with mayonnaise.

Nevertheless eventually the Fete docked but by this time Daisy Mae was good and sore. Consequently she didn't care in a great big way for the eight large plain-clothes gendarmes who [illegible] by a cat hunted Petunia and herself through the shard and into a couple of waiting taxicabs. But even though Police Sergeant Vasses was wearing a more than a couple of pieces when he and his men delivered them at Daisy Mae's dressing room in the Vundergarten Sergeant Vasses in [illegible] fatigue [illegible] and a very [illegible] you are to [illegible] unpleasant.

Thank God," said Vasses adding [illegible] words terrific as Daisy Mae's sharp right hee back [illegible] and dived [illegible] toward the street hearing [illegible] pets there on a good ten feet.

Woof!" Petunia [illegible]

Daisy turned. Upon her [illegible] table lay three silk hats and standing were three of the toughest things you could have found in any pool hall although they looked like gentlemen wearing Inverness capes over their soupe-[illegible]

[illegible] Vasses [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Get this amazing likeness of

CHARLIE McCARTHY

Free

WITH 4 DATED COFFEE LABELS

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MUSIC: Nelson Eddy—Dorothy Lamour—Robert Armbruster
COMEDY: W. C. Fields—Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy
DRAMA and Master of Ceremonies: Don Ameche

N.B.C. Red Network every Sunday Night

Set him on your knee... make his eyes roll... and his mouth open!

THIS wonderfully appealing likeness of Charlie McCarthy is made of heavy cardboard over 20" high. He can actually sit on your knee! You can make his eyes roll and his mouth open. Be your own ventriloquist!

To bring this likeness of Charlie to *your* house—FREE—just send Chase & Sanborn the bag fronts showing the dates from 4 one-pound bags of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee.

And remember, we're going to keep this offer open until you've had plenty of time to get your four pounds at your regular coffee-buying intervals.

We don't want you to buy more than one pound at one time, because if you do, your coffee *can't* be fresh. And when coffee is stale it not only loses its fine flavor—it's actually bad for you to drink.

That's why every bag of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee is rushed fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer. That's why the delivery date is plainly marked on every bag. *Dated* Coffee *can't* be stale and rancid tasting. It *can't* upset your nerves as stale coffee may.

Order just one pound of fresh Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee at your grocer's tomorrow and start saving your bag labels. When you have 4 bag fronts, mail them in for your free likeness of Charlie McCarthy. Save the coupon for the address.

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CHASE & SANBORN DATED COFFEE

Charming Women Always Look Their Best

CARE, study and thought must be given to appearance today to compete successfully with others. A fresh, wholesome-looking woman is always welcome. To have fresh-looking skin take a refreshing Tarkroot Beauty Mask facial daily. Lie down, rest and relax for an hour. You will feel better and look better too. Any beauty counter has Tarkroot Beauty Mask. Costs about 7 cents a treatment.

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The Magic Goodness of Chocolate

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

I KNOW few food ingredients that can yield as many luscious and mysterious dishes as can the products of the choice cacao beans that used to be so rare. The perfect curing and roasting of the beans and the scientific blending with other ingredients have produced gorgeous chocolate recipes that are said by many to be one of America's favorite desserts.

The cocoa tree, from which the cocoa or cacao beans come, is a native of Mexico and is also found in Central and South America and the West Indies. The small yellowish flowers which grow on the old branches are succeeded by the fleshy yellow pods containing numerous seeds.

In preparing recipes calling for chocolate, it is well to remember that chocolate tends to burn easily. For example, a chocolate cake batter is usually better if it is cooked at a slightly lower temperature (about 25 degrees lower) than a cake without chocolate. Chocolate should be melted over hot (not boiling) water, and never over direct heat.

Fudge Cake.

CREAM 4 tablespoons butter, add 1½ cups sifted sugar gradually and beat until smooth. Add 2 beaten egg yolks and blend well. Add 4 ounces chocolate melted over hot water. Mix and sift 1¾ cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 1½ cups milk alternately with the sifted dry ingredients to the butter mixture. Beat just enough to blend well. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, adding ½ cup sugar gradually. Fold into the cake batter. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 cup broken nutmeats. Turn into two buttered and floured cake pans and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. When cold, put together and cover with boiled frosting, fudge frosting, orange chocolate frosting or chocolate butter frosting.

Chocolate Filling.

MELT ½ pound unsweetened chocolate over hot water. Beat 4 egg yolks until very light, add 3 cups sugar, 1 cup rich milk and 2 tablespoons butter. Cook over heat, stirring constantly, until it begins to boil. Boil 1 minute. Add melted chocolate and beat until it holds its shape. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and spread.

Chocolate Layer Cake.

CREAM 1 cup butter, add 2 cups sifted sugar gradually and beat until smooth. Add 8 beaten egg yolks and beat until creamy. Mix and sift 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. To 1 cup sour milk add 1 teaspoon soda. Add milk alternately with dry ingredients to the first mixture. Add 4 ounces chocolate melted over hot water. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Fold in 6 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into three buttered and floured layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. When cold, put together and cover with chocolate fudge or chocolate cream frosting.

Chocolate Roll.

SIFT cake flour. To 6 tablespoons sifted flour, add 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Sift three or four times. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff, adding gradually, ¾ cup sifted sugar. Fold in 4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Fold in the sifted flour. Then fold in 2 squares or ounces of chocolate, melted over hot water. Turn into a shallow pan about 15 by 10 inches which has been greased and then lined with buttered paper to within ½ inch of edge. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 400 degrees, 13 minutes. Quickly cut off crisp edges with a sharp knife. Turn the cake out on a cloth covered with powdered sugar. Remove paper. Spread White Mountain cream or seven-minute frosting over cake and gently roll. Wrap in cloth and cool on wire rack. Cover with frosting made as follows: Melt 2 ounces unsweetened chocolate and 2 teaspoons butter over hot water and blend well. Cool slightly and spread.

Quick Chocolate Cake With Whipped Cream and Mocha Frosting.

BUY chocolate sponge or chocolate angel cake from bakery, or make it at home. Cut in three or four layers. Put together with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Cover top and sides with coffee butter frosting made as follows: Cream 3 tablespoons butter and add 1 cup sifted powdered sugar, beating thoroughly. Add an additional cup sifted powdered sugar alternately with 2 tablespoons strong strained coffee. Beat until smooth and of consistency to spread. Add a few grains salt.

Chocolate Ice Cream.

ADD 3 ounces unsweetened chocolate to 2 cups milk and heat over hot water. When chocolate is melted, beat with an egg-beater until smooth. Combine 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup flour and ¼ teaspoon salt and add gradually to the chocolate mixture, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Cook 5 minutes over hot water, stirring constantly. Add a little of the hot mixture to 2 slightly-beaten eggs, stirring briskly. Return to saucepan and cook over hot water about 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Chill. Add 2 tablespoons vanilla and 1 quart thin cream. Turn into freezer and freeze until stiff, using 8 parts ice to 1 part salt.

Chocolate Loaf Cake.

CREAM 1 cup butter, add 2 cups sifted sugar and beat well. Add 5 well-beaten egg yolks and beat until smooth. Add 3 squares chocolate, melted over hot water, and 1 cup broken nutmeats. Mix and sift 2½ cups cake flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon soda. Add alternately with 1 cup sour milk to the first mixture. Add 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Fold in 5 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered and floured loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees, about 1 hour, or until firm in center. When cold, spread with fudge or mocha frosting.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3761. NEW AND FESTIVE. THIS CAPTIVATING LITTLE FROCK WITH FLATTERY IN THE SOFTLY GATHERED YOKE AND GRACEFULLY FLARED SKIRT. Designed for misses and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3759. SURPLICE LINES ARE THE SMARTEST LINES THIS SEASON, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY MAKE YOU LOOK SLENDER, AS THESE DO. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3762. A PAIR OF APRONS THAT ARE A 'MUST' FOR EVERY HOMEMAKER. THESE TWO VERSIONS THAT COME FROM ONE SIMPLE DESIGN. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size apron A requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch fabric and 2¼ yards trim. apron B requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch fabric and 2¼ yards trim.

Pattern 3763. A CUDDLE TOY THAT ANY KIDDIE WILL ADORE. THIS SNUGGLY DOLL. MAKE HER QUICKLY OF COTTON AND EMBROIDER HER FACE. Pattern 3763 contains a pattern and concise directions for making the doll and clothes shown as well as a jacket; material requirements.

Pattern 3761. MAKE THIS DAINTY WRAP-AROUND FROCK IF YOU'D LOOK PRETTY ALL DAY LONG. JUST SEE ITS SOFT BODICE FULLNESS! Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric.

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LITTLE GIRLS NEED ITS GREATER COMFORT AND SECURITY

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Say It With Sausages

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

PLANNING meals, as every homemaker knows, depends on the weather and the season. Let the summer thermometer soar to a stifling 90, and she wisely provides a chill bouillon, crisp salads and cooling beverages. But let the frost show on the pumpkin and a sharp nip be felt in the air, while the thermometer gives every indication of a rapid slide downhill, then heigh-ho, she knows that what is needed are steaming soups, hearty meats and piping hot drinks which warm and cheer.

Among the hearty dishes which so admirably satisfy wind-sharpened appetites at moderate cost sausage holds a high and valued place. Indeed, when we turn over the calendar leaf to November, we can safely say it is the open season for all types of sausage dishes.

Sausage may be bought in either the bulk chopped meat form or in individual links protected by sanitary transparent casings. These links may be large, medium, or small — in which latter case they are frequently spoken of as "baby sausages."

But whatever the size or style, the buyer should be sure her sausage is pure pork. For not all sausage is choice pork and nothing else, but may be composed of blended pork and cereal. So trust to a well-known brand for sausage quality and flavor.

What makes one sausage taste better than another is the quality of the meat, the right moderate proportion of fat to lean meat, and the character and blending of the spices. In sausage containing too much fat the dish is likely to be greasy, and in sausage containing too many spices, the meat will be peppery and coarse in flavor. Cleanly seasoned and freshly prepared, good sausage is rushed to the dealer in modern refrigerator cars and is a safe saving and satisfying winter meat.

And now for the best ways in which to cook and serve it:

Probably the epicure's way of cooking sausage is always to broil the links after the manner of broiled steak or chops. Prick each sausage with a fork, place on the broiling rack which is adjusted to four inches beneath a moderate flame, and broil about 10 to 12 minutes, turning once. Remove and serve on a very hot platter.

The second best way, and a very excellent one also if done carefully, is to pan-fry the sausage in a skillet on the top range-burners. Have skillet hot, lay in sausage, and turn to brown. Reduce heat, cover, and pan-fry 6 to 10 minutes, depending on size and style of sausage.

Since sausage meat is solid protein with fat, it requires the accompaniment of starch and a mineral or watery food to make a complete meal. Potatoes, rice, macaroni and bread may be used for the starch, and any green vegetables, particularly any members of the cabbage family, or apples, cranberries or other tart fruits, seem "naturals" with sausage meats.

Broiled sausage and French-fried toast is one hearty and inexpensive suggestion. Sausages with batter offer several other good dishes as for example the familiar "toad-in-the-hole" dish of sausages under a blanket of batter crust, so liked by the English.

Biscuit dough also is an excellent accompaniment to sausage, as in the deservedly popular sausage pie. Each link may be wrapped in an envelope of dough or pastry and baked. Or, mashed potatoes may be used instead, as an upper crust, in such dishes as sausage cottage pie etc.

The small highly-seasoned and spiced link sausage is ideal for the Sunday breakfast, especially when flanked by waffles, hot cakes and contrasting jam or fruit sauce. These jolly little sausages are also nice for use on top of many entree dishes, such as baked squash and sausage.

Broiled small link sausages are very tasty in a mixed grill with chop, bacon or kidney and the invariable slice of tomato. A chain of broiled midget sausages may be used to garland the royal roast turkey.

Sausage may be removed from its casing and used as any well-seasoned force-meat or stuffing. A poultry dressing containing sausage is very popular with men, while many of the rapacious "pocket book" vegetables, peppers, tomatoes and Bermuda onions—when stuffed with a sausage dressing, become delicious and wholesome dishes at small cost.

Many of the old-fashioned or country type dishes popular "down on the farm" deserve to be revived or modified to suit modern needs. Sausages and apples is a grand dish of a cold morning, and so is home-made sausage scrapple, believe it or not, you coffee-and-orange-juicers!

Be sure and provide a tart acid food contrast, when you serve sausages. Grapefruit is excellent, and other food taste foils are canned peaches, pineapple and apricots, as well as the more traditional apple sauce and apple rings. A grill of broiled sausage and canned peaches, or pan-fried sausage and pineapple spears are mouth-watering, if simple, viands.

With modern home refrigeration, it's easy to keep a box or package of sausage on hand and be on the safe side when a bad spell of weather makes shopping difficult. Slide the package under the ice chamber or coils at the coldest location.

Although most choice link sausage is already well seasoned, it is worth keeping in mind that such seasonings as thyme, sage, marjoram and good black pepper are the bases of all sausage seasoning. Tomato seems the best contrasting flavor, if you except mustard, which is a true spice.

Thus, sausage with tomato sauce, sausage with tomato soup or catsup used in the baking, not only has flavor but is another wholesome acid contrast with this rich meat.

Next time you get into that doubtful state of mind, when you cannot find the clue to the mystery of "What shall we have for dinner tonight?" just say it with sausages.

Requested Sausage Dishes

Pork Sausages With French Toast Sandwiches: One pound pork sausages, 6 slices day-old bread, 1½ cups diluted evaporated milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 well-beaten eggs, tart jelly. Prick each sausage with a fork. Place on broiler rack adjusted 4 inches under moderate gas flame. Broil 10 to 12 minutes, turning once. Remove crusts from bread and cut diagonally. Make batter of milk and eggs. Dip slices carefully in batter and saute slowly until brown. Put 2 slices together, with jelly between. Arrange sausages and toast in 3 alternating portions of each, and serve very hot on platter. Serves 6.

Home-Made Sausage Scrapple: Two cups yellow cornmeal, ½ pound pork sausage, ½ cup tomato juice, ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning, 1 small finely-minced onion. Bring 2 quarts water to vigorous boil. Add cornmeal gradually, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Reduce heat, and continue cooking 30 minutes. Add sausage meat removed from casing, together with tomato juice and seasonings. Mix well. Pour into greased brick pan and chill well. To prepare, cut into 1-inch slices, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs, and fry in butter until brown. Serve very hot with applesauce.

How Many Hands Did You Read Correctly?

The following list identifies the hands pictured on Page 11, and supplies the facts concerning them and how they were read by the Paris palmists:

1—Palm of the eminent French surgeon, Dr. Desmarais, which shows sociability, interest in art and literature, destined for longevity, taste for science, keen ability in research, and owner of a realistic imagination. The palmist misread this hand and said it belonged to a man with a passionate, nervous nature full of contradictions.

2—Hand of Andre Mairaux, writer, which shows a cynical humor sense, love of sentiment, but affectionate nature, pride and a will to dominate.

3—Palm of Con Colleano, tight-rope walker, showing a nervous nature, fruitful imagination, muscular body, freedom and idealism, and a happy disposition. The palmist could not guess Colleano's profession.

4—The hand of Valentine Tessier, French actress, which shows great intelligence, insight, finesse, subtlety, and a constant optimism.

5—An actor, Marcel Simon, owns this hand, which reveals a bizarre imagination, the love of secrets, and interest in the mystical and occult.

6—This hand, when closed, is the fist of Marcel Thil, the French prize fighter, and the palmist judged it rightly as showing an obstinate, tenacious character, hasty temper, love of battle and risks.

7—The hand of La Fouchardiere, writer. The palmist said it belonged to a journalist and indicated deep insight into human relations, a careful, logical mental set-up, bright imagination.

8—This hand of the French lawyer, Maurice Garcon, showed a perfect score for a palmist. He said it was intellectual, patient, fond of problems, and a reasoning that showed independence, reserve, and political ability.

9—The hand of the actor, Victor Boucher, revealed imagination, ready insight, wit, irony and ability for histrionics.

10—This hand shows superior intelligence, vivid imagination, acute perception, literary ability and love of the beautiful and poetic. It was rightly interpreted and belongs to Maurice Rostand, poet and dramatist.

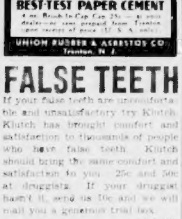
11—Sociability and joviality, love of work and travel and pictorial imagination are ascribed to this hand, showing the palm of Kisling, the painter.

12—The hand of a lawyer, M. Campinchi, showing love of oratory, politics, success in career, and ability to follow a number of professions with equal success in each.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Oranges, Whole Grain Cereal, Rice Omelet, Apricot or Apple Muffins, Milk or Coffee	Prunes, Cereal, Bread Crumbs, Griddle Cakes, Honey, Coffee	Grapefruit, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Raisin Graham Muffins, Coffee	Apple Slices Baked or Steamed in Pineapple Juice, Scrambled Eggs, Muffins, Coffee	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Shirred Eggs, Muffins, Coffee	Pineapple Slices, Cereal, French Toast, Grape Jelly, Milk or Coffee	Unsweetened Canned Raspberry Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Muffin, Toast, Coffee
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Company)*
Cream of Celery Soup, Croutons, Baked Hash, Steamed Apples, Swedish Bread, Butter, Cocoa or Tea	Rice Casserole, Raw Carrot Salad, Poke Relish, Muffins, Butter, Baked Stuffed Apples with Cream, Tea	Italian Onion Soup (Delicious), Vegetable Club Sandwiches, Fruit Trifle, Oatmeal Cookies, Tea	Cali's Livery Loaf, Riced Potatoes, Tomato and Celery Salad, Pumpkin or Squash Tartlets, Russian Tea	Shredded Raw Cauliflower and Black Olive Salad, Grapefruit Upside Down Cake, Coffee	Sausage Cakes Baked with Sweet Potatoes, Tea Minute Cabbage Combread Squares, Stewed Fruit, Sour Cream Cookies	Fresh Lobster Stew, Green Peas, Reheated Lattice Potatoes, Ice-Box Rolls, Tomato, Cress and Cucumber Salad, Salad Dressing, Mixed Fruits in Orange Gelatin, Chocolate Cup Cakes with Chocolate Frosting, Coffee
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
White Grape Juice, Baked Spareribs with Glazed Potatoes, Buttered Onions, Vegetable Salad in Hollowed-Out Cabbage Shell, Chocolate Gelatin Cookies	Tomato Juice, Hamburg Steak Patties with Buttered or Creamed Beef Macaroni, Baked Potatoes, French-Fried Eggplant, Rutabagas, Shredded Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing, Washington Cream Pie	Clam Bouillon, Ham Loaf with Apricots, Apples or Pineapple Rings, Diced Carrots and Asparagus Tips, Steamed Spinach with Egg, Fresh Orange Jelly with Cream	Apple Slices Baked or Steamed in Pineapple Juice, Scrambled Eggs, Muffins, Coffee	Orange Juice, Cereal, Shirred Eggs, Muffins, Coffee	Milk or Coffee	Canned Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Muffin, Toast, Coffee



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